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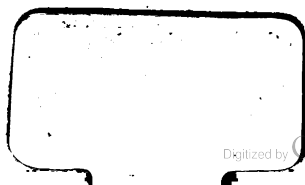
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HUDIBRAS.

The First P A R T.

W R I T T E N

In the Time of the

Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

With Several

ADDITIONS and ANNOTATIONS.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *E. P.* for *Geo. Sawbridge*, in
Little-Britain, 1704.

T O T H E
READER.

POeta nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural Genius, and Propensity to so Noble and Sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themselves Obnoxious to that Satyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes ;

Which made them, though it were
in spight
Of Nature, and their Stars to write.

To the READER.

On the other side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large share of Natural Wit and Parts, ^{Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.} have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they lived in. But as these last are Rara Aves in Terris, so when the Muses have not disdained the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then blest'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with Horace, have said,

Exegi Monumentum Aere perennius ;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas.

The

To the READER.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this last Composition; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet; tells us, he must have a Genius extraordinary, great Natural Gifts, a Wit Just, Fruitful, Piercing, Solid, and Universal; an Understanding, clean and distinct; an Imagination, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not on an Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the Beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who

To the READER.

had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is so thoroughly establish'd in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation: However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Account of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desir'd to oblige them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectifie the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, concerning him.

The

To the READER.

T H E AUTHOR'S LIFE.

SAmuel Butler, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of Strensham in the County of Worcester, and Baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Mannor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright, where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education, so that our Author returned soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an

To the READER.

Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some years in an easie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations lead him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry, to which for his Diversion, he join'd Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family, which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art, for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of Learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the Great Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an Ancient Family in Bedfordshire, but, to his

To the READER.

Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, and then it was, as I am inform'd, he Compos'd this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate more than Choice seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks; yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restauration of King Charles II. those who were at the Helm minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself;

Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta Domi:

And

To the READER.

And being endued with that Innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts ; he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported : She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Security, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellour to the University of Cambridge ; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that Mecænas of all Learned and Witty Men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, now Earl of Dorset and Middlesex ; who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew

To the READER.

how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them, of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And he having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, Admir'd by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buryed at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L--vil of the Temple, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said Yard, on the North,

To the READER.

North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall, which parts the Yard from the Common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the Poet, as the Author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me:

And though no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
This Work, which n'er will die, shall be
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, Murdered the best of Kings, to Introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty, and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us, and overthrow our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way

for

To the READER.

for their Blessed Anarchy and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, None are so blind, as they that will not see; so those who are not resolv'd to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. Fowlis of Presbytery, Mr. Walker of Independency; but more especially to that Incomparable History lately Published, wrote by Edward late Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiass'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wish, these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the unlearned Readers, to explain them in some Additional Annotations, at the end of this Part.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success,

To the READER.

cess, I leave the Readers to Judge; in the Year (63) there came out a Spurious Book, called, The Second Part of Hudibras, which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of Whachum, towards the latter end of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same Nature, which compar'd with this, (Virgil Travesty excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd, ad Ficum & Piperem; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the English Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity that understands them to Judge. The following Simile's I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. Harmar, once Greek Professor at Oxon.

So Learned Taliacotius from, &c.

*Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, doctâ sequit Taliacotius Arte:
Qui potuere parem durando æquare Parentem.
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum cœpit tabescere Rostrum.*

To the READER.

So Wind in th' Hypochondres pent, &c.

Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum,
Sed si summa petat, montisque invaserit arcem
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

So Lawyers least the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, nè forsan Pax foret, Urfam
Inter furantem sese, Actoremque Molossum;
Faucibus Injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt
Luctantesq; canes coxis, coxendisque revellunt,
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen
utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia trudunt.

*There are some Verses, which for Reason of
State, easie to be guess'd at, were thought fit
to be omitted in the first Impression, as these
which follow;*

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good Subjects Traitors strain hard,
Was not the King by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation,

*And now I heartily wish I could gratifie your
farther Curiosity with some of those Golden
Remains, which are in the Custody of
Mr. Longuevil; but not having the Hap-
piness*

To the READER.

pinest to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in Hand,
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A Swede or Russ to reconcile.
For where there is no store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in America, had two Designs
To sell their Gospel for their Mines.
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which had they wanted Gold, they still had
wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's. The one entitled, *Mola Asinaria*, or the Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen, press'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, &c. London 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other two Letters, one from John Audland a Quaker to Will. Pryn, the other Pryn's Answer in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

To the READER.

I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, on. Du Vall a Notorious High-way-man, said to be wrote by our Author, but how truly, I know not.

Inimitable Butler's dead, Alas!
None that survive, can equal *Hu-*
dibras.

A

The

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth :
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

CANTO I.

When civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why:
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :
 When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded,
 With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
 VVas beat with Fist, instead of a Stick :
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.

A VVight he was whose very sight wou'd
 Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood* ;
 That never bent his stubborn Knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
 Right VVorshipful on Shoulder-blade :
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for VVarrant :
 Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
 (So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
 Are either for the Land or VVater.)

But here our Authors make a Doubt,
 Whether he were more Wise, or Stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
 The difference was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain.
 Which made some take him for a Tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool ;
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
 Complains she thought him but an Ass,
 Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such,
 VVe grant altho' he had much VVit,
 H' was very shie of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on Holy-Days, or so,
 As Men their best Apparel do.

Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
 As naturally as Pigs squeek :
 That *Latine* was no more difficile,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both he never scanted
 His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one Word.
 For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
 To flourish most in barren Ground,
 He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;
 And truly so, he was perhaps,
 Not as a Profelyte but for Claps.
 He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South West* side :
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute' change hands, and still confute,
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
 And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Trustees*.
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this by Syllogism, true

In Mood and Figure, he would do.
 For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
 And when he hap'ned to break off
 I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
 H' had hard Words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.

Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
 For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A *Babylonish* Dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect.

6 C A N T O I.

It was a Parti-colour'd Dress
Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages :
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Satin.
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
VVhich made some think when he did gabble
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel* ;
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
And truly to support that Charge
He had Supplies as vast and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words with little or no VVit ;
VVords so debas'd and hard, 'no stone
VVas hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble stones

When he harangu'd ; but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale* ;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' Day
The Clock does strike by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher* ;
And had read every Text and Glo's over ;
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for ;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore* :
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong :
They might be either said or sung.

His Notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to Acts,
 And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
 Where Entity and Quiddity
 The Ghost of defunct Bodies fly ;
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly.
 In *School Divinity* as able
 As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;
 A second *Thomas* or at once
 To name them all, another *Duns*.
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And real ways beyond them all,
 For he a Rope of Sand could twist
 As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*.
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
 That's empty when the Moon is full ;

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
 That's to be let Unfurnished.
 He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice :
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd ;
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
 And stab her self with Doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;
 Altho' by woful Proof we find,
 They always leave a Scar behind.
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what Degreee it lies :
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
 Below the Moon, or else above it.
 What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his side :
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter :
 If either of them had a Navel ;
 Who first made Musick malleable :

Whether the Serpēt at the Fall
 Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this without a Gloss, or Comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment
 In proper terms, such as Men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
 To match his Learning and his Wit :
 Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew
 Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
 To be the true Church *Militant* :
 Such as do build their Faith upon
 The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;
 Decide all Controversies by
 Infallible *Artillery* ;
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
 By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;
 Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
 A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done :

As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
 In odd perverse Antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,
 Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.
 That with more care keep Holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way :
 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to ;
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spight.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin,
 Rather than fail, they will defie
 That which they love most tenderly,

Quarrel

Quàrrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge*
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
 Like *Mahomet's*, were *As* and *Widgeon*,
 To whom our Knight by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 As if Hypocrisie and Non-sence
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
 That next of all we shall discuss ;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
 Both of his *Wisdome* and his Face ;
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
 A sudden View it would beguile :
 The upper part thereof was *VVhey*,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns ;

VVith

With grizly Type did represent
 Declining Age of Government ;
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
 Its own Grave and the State's were made.
 Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a Nation rue ;
 Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
 To wait upon the publick Downfal.
 It was Monastick, and did grow
 In holy Orders by strict Vow ;
 Of Rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid *Cordeliere* :
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
 And Martyrdom with Resolution ;
 T' oppose it self against the Hate
 And Vengeance of th' incensed State :
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as Monarchy should last.

But

But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A Sacrifice to fall of State ;
 Whose Thred of Life the fatal Sisters,
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a Blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 Would last as long as Parent Breech :
 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, shew'd
 As if it stoopt with its own Load.
 For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire :
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back :

Which

Which now had almost got the Upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
 To poize this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before :
 Which still he had a special Care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare ;
 As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
 Such as a Country-house affords ;
 With other Vi&ctual, which anon
 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his Hofe we come to treat,
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
 And though not Sword, yet Cudgel proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use,
 That fear'd no Blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen.
 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen* ;
 To old King *Harry* so well known,
 Some Writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheefe,

B

And

And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.
For, as we said, He always chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize :
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,
And till th'were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of there Provision on Record :
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis

'Tis false: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table some suppose,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose;
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons;
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress;
As Learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant *Sword* unto his side
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.

The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into it self, for lack
 Of some Body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
 The Rancor of its Edge had felt :
 For of the lower End two Handful ;
 It had devoured, 'twas so Manful ;
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,
 As if it durst not shew its Face.
 In many desperate Attempts,
 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
 It had appear'd with Courage bolder
 Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
 That was but little for his Age :
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
 It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging,

When

When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread;
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap 'twould not care,
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.

It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same Score :

 In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Pistols he did stow,
Among the Surplus of such Meat
As in his Hose he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hose
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble, active Force
He got on th' outside of his Horse,

For having but one Stirrup ty'd
 T' his Saddle, on the further side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe.
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
 With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own Weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on Tail and Main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something,
 Of that which bore our Valiant *Bunkin*.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of wall;
 I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none,
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State,

At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt :
And yet so fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up :
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back ;
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on Both sides show'd
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
Twixt every two there was a Channel
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt,

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
 With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an Arse.

A *Squire* he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' Adventure went his half.
 Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one :
 And when we can with Meeter safe,
 We'll call him so, if not, plain *Raph* ;
 (For Ryme the Rudder is of Verses, [ses.]
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Cour-
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour
 He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
 The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
 With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land.
 Did leave it with a Castle fair
 To his great Ancestor, her Heir :
 From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
 Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights

Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small,
This sturdy Squire, that had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New Light*,
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken,
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth ;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too,

For Saints themselves will sometimes be
 Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
 Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,
 He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a Needle ;
 For as of Vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their Way :
 What e'er Men speak by this *New Light*,
 Still they are sure to be i'th right.
 'Tis a *dark-Lantern* of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it;
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For Spiritual Trades to cozen by :
 An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches
 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and found
 For *Christendom* in dirty Pond ;
 To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,
 And fish to catch Regeneration.
 This Light inspires, and plays upon
 The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,

And

And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,
 Such Language as no mortal Ear
 But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
 So *Phæbus*, or some Friendly Muse
 Into Small Poets Song infuse ;
 Which they at second-hand rehearse
 Through Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verse for Verse.
 Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
 As three or four legg'd Oracle,
 The Ancient Cup, or modern Chair ;
 Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For Mystick Learning, wondrous able
 In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
 Whose primitive Tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches :
 Deep sighted in Intelligences,
 Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 The Intelligible World could say ;
 A deep Occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *Wild-Irish* are,

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd :
 He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood ;
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm ;
 What would do neither good nor harm :
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.
 He understood the Speech of Birds
 As well as they themselves do words :
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean,
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *Röde*, and *Walk, Knave, Walk*.
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water,
 Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise ;
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,
 Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light
 By help of these (as he profess)
 He had *First Matter* seen undrest :

He took her naked all alone,
Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
Not that of Past-board, which Men shew
For Groats at Fair of *Barthol'mew* ;
But its great Gransire, first o'th' Name.
VWhence that and *Reformation* came
Both Cousin Germans, and right able
T' Inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was some say,
O' th' younger House to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretels whatever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations,
All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the Stars depose,

Like

Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
Upon themselves what others forge :
As if they were consenting to
All mischief in the World Men do :
Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a Planet's House, to know
Who broke and rebb'd a House below :
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very Look can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll question *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke :
Make *Mercury* confess, and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach
They'll find i' th' Physiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.

Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
 And from Positions to be quest on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't:
 They'll feel the pulses of the Stars,
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
 And tell what *Crisis* does Divine
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
 In Men what gives or Cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;
 But not what Wise, for only of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians,
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' Accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.

Their

Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,
 Their Valours too were of a Rate,
 And out they sall'y'd at the Gate,
 Few Miles on Horseback had they jogged,
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
 For they a sad Adventure met,
 Of which we now prepare to Treat :
 But e'er we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' Assistance of some *Muse* ;
 However Criticks count it sillier
 Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
 We think 'tis no great Matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with Ale viler Liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
 And force them, though it were in spight
 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write ;

Who,

Who, as we find in fullen Writs,
 And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
 With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
 The wonder of the Ignorant,
 The Praises of the Author, Pen'd
 B' himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend ;
 The Itch of Picture in the Front,
 With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't, VV
 All that is left o'th' forked Hill
 To make Men scribble without Skill ;
 Canst make a Poet spight of Fate,
 And teach all People to translate ;
 Though out of Languages in which
 They understand no Part of Speech.
 Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.
 In VVestern Clime there is a Town
 To those that dwell therein well known
 Therefore there needs no more be sed here,
 VVe unto them refer our Reader :
 For brevity is very good,
 VVhen w' are or are not understood.

To this Town People did repair
 On days of Market, or of Fair;
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,
 In Merriment did drudge and labor:
 But now a Sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*.
 A bold advent'rous Exercise,
 With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Isthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-Rout,
 For after Solemn Proclamation
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)

That

That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear ;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 To expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off and lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Main,
 Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In Honour to make good his Ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know at their own Cost
 That he intends to keep his Post.
 This to prevent, and other Harms,
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
 (For in the Hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
 To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear* ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;
 We that are wisely mounted higher

Than Constables, in Curule Wit,
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
 Like Speculators should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther than
 Low Proletarian Tithing Men.
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute;
 For so of late Men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere*.)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,
 And try if we by Mediation
 Of Treaty and Accommodation
 Can end the Quarrel, and compose
 The bloody Duel, without Blows.
 Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
 The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
 Enough at once to lye at stake
 For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* Sake ?

But

But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
 As well as we must venture theirs ?
 This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
 By *evil Counsel* is fomented ;
 There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
 (Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
 A deep Design in't to divide
 The well affected that confide,
 By setting Brother against Brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
 That *Cane & Angue pejus* hate us ?
 And shall we turn our Fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves without Cause ?
 That some occult Design doth ly
 In bloody *Cynarctomachy*,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
 I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
 But sure some Mischief will come of it ?
 Unless by Providential Wit,
 Or Force, we averruncate it.

For what Design, what Interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast ?
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws ;
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant, nor Protestation ;
 Nor for free Liberty of Conscience,
 Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances ;
 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,
 To get them in their own no Hands ;
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring
 To justice that seduce the King ;
 Nor for the Worship of us Men,
 Though we have done as much for them,
 Th' Egyptians worship'd Dogs and, for
 Their Faith made internecine War.
 Others ador'd a Rat, and some
 For that Church suffer'd Martyrdoms.
 The Indian fought for the Truth
 Of th' Elephant, and Monkey's Tooth :
 And many, to defend that Faith,
 Fought it out mordicus to Death.

But no Beast ever was so slight,
 For Man, as for his God to fight.
 They have more Wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boute-sens*.
 'Tis our Example that instills
 In them th' Infection of our Ills.
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so, by our Example, Cattel
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read, in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Bretheren*,
 They sow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
 The point seems very plain to be.

It is an Antichristian Game,
 Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
 First for the *Name*, the word *Bear-Baiting*
 Is carnal, and of Man's creating :
 For certainly there's no such Word
 In all the *Scripture* on Record,
 Therefore unlawful, and a Sin ;
 And so is (secondly) the *Thing*.
 A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, Classick, National ;
 Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, It is Idolatrous.

For when Men run a-whoring thus
 With their Inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
 It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,
 No less than worshiping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat* ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
 For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st,
 Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st,

(For that *Bear-Baiting* should appear

Jure Divino lawfuller

Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,

Totidem verbis, so do I)

Yet there's a Fallacy in this,

For if by sly *Homæosis*,

Tussis pro crepitu, an Art

Under a Cough to slur a F---t

Thou wouldst Sophistically imply

Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt

But *Bear-Baiting* may be made out

In Gospel-times, as lawful as is

Provincial or *Parochial Classis* :

And that both are so near of Kin,

And like in all, as well as Sin ,

That put them in a Bag and shake 'em;

Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,

And not know which is which, unless

You measure by their Wickedness :

For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether

O' th' two is worst, though I name neither,

40 CANTO I.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able too keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Idest, to make a Leek a Cabbage,
Thou'lt be at best but *such a Bull*
Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool ;
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's Analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting* ?
A just Comparison still is,
Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both ?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As justly pass for *Bears* as they.
For we are Animals no less,
Although of different *Specieses*.
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Case :
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the World a Proof

Of

Of Deeds, not Words, and such as fute
 Another manner of Dispute,
 A Controverfy that affords
 Actions for Arguments, not Words :
 Which we muft manage at a Rate
 Of Prowefs and Conduct, adequate
 To what our Place and Fame doth promife,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor fhall they be deceiv'd, unlefs
 W' are flur'd and outed by Succels :
 Succels, the mark no mortal VVit,
 Or fureft hand can always hit :
 For whatfoe'r we perpetrate,
 VVe do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
 VWhich in Succels oft difinherits,
 For fpurious Causes, nobleft Merits.
 Great Actions are not always true Sons
 Of great and mighty Refolutions :
 Nor do the Bold'ft Attempts bring forth
 Events ftill equal to their Worth ?
 But fome times fail, and in their ftad
 Fortune and Cowardice fucceed.

Yet we have no great Cause to doubt
Our Actions still have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be so ample,
We need not Copy from Example,
We're not the only Person durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a Val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in Fight,
And wound a Fidler : we have both
Of these the Objects of our Wreth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.

• 'Tis sung, there is a Valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd---
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts Address, and Beard ;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought ;
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with Glory and Success,
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Resolution.

Honour is, like a Widow, won
 With brisk Attempt and putting on :
 With entering manfully, and urging,
 Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
 So ours, with rusty Steel did smite
 His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
 He mended Pace upon the Touch ;
 But from his empty Stomach grean'd
 Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.
 So have I seen with armed Heel,
 A Wight bestride a *Common-weal* ;
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the fullen Jade has stirr'd

THE

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War ;
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
He encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.*

CANTO II

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battles* ?
O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter :
In which to do the injur'd Right,
We mean in what concerns just fight.

Certes

Certes our Authors are too blame,
 For to make some well-sounding Name,
 A Pattern fit for modern Knights
 To copy out in Frays and Fights,
 (Like those that a whole street do raze
 To build a Palace in the Place.)
 They never care how many others
 They kill without regard of Mothers ;
 Or Wives, or Children, so they can
 Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,
 Compos'd of many Ingredient Talors
 Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors,
 So a while *Tartar* when he spies
 A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit :
 As if just so much he enjoy'd
 As in another is destroy'd..
 For when a Giant's slain in Fight,
 And mow'd o' rthwart, or cleft downright,
 It is a heavy Case, no doubt,
 A Man should have his Brains beat out,

Because

Because he's tall, and has large Bones ;
 As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
 But as for our Part, we shall tell
 The naked Truth of what befell ;
 And as an equal Friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 VVith neither Faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due Desert :
 And never coin a formal Lie on't,
 To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.
 This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
 And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
 Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
 (That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,
 As they do term't, or *Succussation*)
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how,
 Yet some from subtile Hints have got
 Myſterious Light, it was a Trot.
 But let that paſs : They now begun
 To ſpur their living Engines on.

For

For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
 The learned hold are Animals :
 So Horses they affirm to be
 Mere Engines made by Geometry,
 And were invented first from Engines,
 As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
 So let them be, and as I was saying,
 They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
 Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
 Which the Enemy did then Incamp on.
 The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
 And fierce Auxiliary Men,
 That came to aid their Brethren :
 Who now began to take the Field
 As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
 For as our modern Wits behold,
 Mounted a Pick -back on the Old,
 Much further off, much further he
 Aid on his aged Beast could see :
 Not sufficient to descry
 Postures of the Enemy,

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further
To observe their Numbers and their Order.
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.

Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial Deed :

Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward ;
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.

His Death charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.

These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord :

And after many a painful Pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd Tuck.

Then shook himself to see that Prowels

In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose ;

And rais'd upon his desperate Foot,

On Stirrup side he gaz'd about.

Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,

The Beacon of approaching War.

Ralpho

Ralpho rode on with no less Speed
 Than *Hugo* in the Forest did,
 But far more in returning made,
 For now the Foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With *Van*, main *Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.

In th' Head of all this VVarlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able :
 Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
 That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
 Whose Noise whets Valour sharp like Beer
 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar.
 (For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat ?)
 A squeaking Engine he apply'd
 Unto his Neck, on North-East side,
 Just where the Hangman does dispose
 To special Friends the fatal Noose :
 For 'tis Great Grace when *Statesmen* strait
 Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
 His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings.
 Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings* :

For Guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,
 Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :
 From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.
 His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
 With which he strung his Fiddle-stick :
 For he to Horse-Tayl scorn'd to ow,
 For what on his own Chin did grow,
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
 A Beard and Tail of his own Growth ;
 And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his Beard.
 In *Staffordshire* where Virtuous Worth
 Does raise the Minstrelsy, - not Birth ;
 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King
 And Ruler, o'er the Men of String ;
 (As once in *Perfia*, 'tis said, [neigh'd)
 Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horse that
 He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
 By Chance of War was beaten down,
 And wounded sore : his *Leg* then broke,
 Had got a Deputy of Oke :

For

For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
 The Knee with one of Timber's propt ;
 Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,
 And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
 Wise Conduct, and Success in War :
 A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,
 With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-Head,
 The Warrior to the Lists he led ;
 With solemn March, and stately Pace,
 But far more grave and solemn Face :
 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
 Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.

This Leader was of Knowledge great,
 Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
 He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.
 So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
 And Plaintiff *Dog* should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,

To let them breath a while, and then
Cry wohop, and set them on agen.

As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy Fray ;
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In Military Garden-*Paris*.

For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now ;
Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new Invention
Th' ad found out, of an Antique Engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Gardens at a Blow,
And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*
My Friends, that is not to be done,
Not done ? quo' *Statesmen*; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.

A Drum (quoth *Phæbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty Invention quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 We are ('tis true) chief President;
 We such loud Musick do not profess,
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if 't be a Drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better have let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin* :
 That which so oft by sundry Writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all Fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier,
 He was of great Descent, and high,
 For Splendor and Antiquity,

And from Celestial Origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the antient *Heroes* did,
 Who, that their base Births might be hid,
 (Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
 And that they came in at a Windore)
 Made *Jupiter* himself, and others
 O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
 To get on them a Race of Champions,
 (Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*,)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
 Was his undoubted Ancestor :
 From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
 And in all Ages bore his Name.
 Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
 For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
 That Wounds 9 Miles point-blank would sol-
 By skilful *Chymist* with great Cost [der,
 Extracted from a Rotten Post;
 But of a Heav'lier Influence
 Than that which Mountebanks dispense ;

Though

Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that Trade.
 For as when Slovens do amiss
 At others Doors by Stool or Piss,
 The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 VVill convey mischief from the Dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong :
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous *Orfin* was endu'd
 VVith Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
 Incomparable : and as the Prince
 Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
 A skilful Leech is better far
 Than half a hundred Men of VVar;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
 VVith Visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a *Saracen*,
 Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin;

Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck. a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heralds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray,
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by Birth, some Authors write,
A Russian, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-German,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin;
And when these fail'd he'd suck his Claws,
And quarter himself upon his Paws.

And

And though his Countrey-Men the *Huns*:
 Did stew their Meat between their *Bums*,
 And th' *Horses* Backs, o'er which they Straddle,
 And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle.

He was not half so nice as they,
 But eat it raw when't came in's Way,
 He had trac'd Countries far and near,

More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller ;

Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,

Of Noble House, a Lady gay,

And got on her a Race of Worthies

As stout as any upon Earth is.

Full many a Fight for him between

Talgol and *Orfin* oft had been ;

Each striving to deserve the Crown

Of a fav'd Citizen ; the one

To guard his *Bear*, the other fought,

To aid his *Dog* ; both made more stout

By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,

Church-fellow-membership, and Blood ;

But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,

Never got ought of him but Blows ;

Blows

Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
Injur'd to labour, sweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl,
Right many a VVidow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherless, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
VVith greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before and Stings behind,
Subdu'd : as Poets say, long ago
Bold Sir *George, Saint George* did the *Dragon*
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)

E'er

E'er sent so vast a Colony
 To both the under Worlds as he.
 For he was of that noble Trade
 That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,
 Slaughter and knocking on the head ;
 The Trade to which they all were bred ;
 And is, like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
 The former rides in Triumph for it ;
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
 For daring to profane a thing
 So sacred, with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in martial Fame.

Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by't.
 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,
 Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
 As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
 But Brass was feeble to resist
 The Fury of his Armed Fist.

Nor

Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out -
 Against his Blows, but they would through't.
 In *Magick* he was deeply read,
 As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
 Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,
 As *English Merlin* for his Heart ;
 But far more skilful in the Spears.
 Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
 He could transform himself in Colour
 As like the Devil as a Collier ?
 As like as Hypocrites in Show
 Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
 Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
 Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter :
 The *Cannon*, *Blunder-buss*, and *Saker*
 He was th' Inventor of and Maker :
 The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle-Drum*
 Did both from his Invention come.
 He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make, and how to stop a Breach.
 A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike :
 And

And when their Forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight :
A bold *Virago* stout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *English* *Mall*.
Through Perils both of *VVind* and *Limb*,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At Breach of *VVall*, or Hedge surprize :
She shar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize :
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her self with matchless Courage,
And laid about in Fight more busily,
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
VVho hold no Females stout, but Bears,)
And heretofore did so abhor
Their *VVomen* should pretend to *VVVar*.

They

They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
 To swear by *Hercules* his Name,)

Make feeble Ladies in their Works,
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* ;
 To lay their Native Arms aside,
 Their Modesty, and ride a-stride ;
 To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestria*,
 And she that would have been the Mistress
 Of *Gundibert*, but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Lass :
 They say 'tis false, without all Sense,
 But of pernicious Consequence
 To Government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in Prose :
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print :

And

And if they will not take our Word,
 We'll prove it true upon Record,
 The upright *Cerdon* next advanc'd
 Of all his Race the Valiant'st?
Cerdon the Great, renew'd in Song,
 Like *Herc'les*, for Repair of Wrong:
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest Side,
 Ill has he read, that never hit
 On him, in Muses deathless Writ.
 He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a Bull hide Shield would pierce
 And cut it in a thousand Pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
 With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
 Was Comerade in the ten Years War:
 For when the restless *Greeks* fate down
 So many Years before *Troy* Town,
 And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
 For well-soal'd Boots, no less than Fights?
 They ow'd that Glory only to
 His Ancestor, that made them so.

Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.
 Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
 And would make three to cure one Flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take Note,
 Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
 But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
 Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like Zam, or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
 For Disputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
 Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Sculls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold Man of *VVar*,
 Destin'd to *Blows* by Fatal Star ;
 Right expert in Command of *Horse*,
 But cruel, and without Remorse.
 That which of *Centaure* long ago
VWas said, and has been wrested to
 Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horse* were of a piece.
 One Spirit did inform them both,
 The self-same Vigour, Fury, *VVroth*:

Yet

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
 And always had a harder Heart ;
 Although his Horse had been of those
 That fed on Mans Flesh, as Fame goes,
 Strange Food for Horse ! and yet alas,
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;
 As great a Drover, and as great
 A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,
 And Provender wherewith to feed
 Himself, and his less-cruel Steed.
 It was a Question whether He
 Or's Horse were of a Family
 More worshipful : till Antiquaries
 (After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
 Did very learnedly decide
 The Business on the Horse's side,
 And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
 Nay Pigs, were of the elder House :

For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants each in the head.

Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.

The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about,
From Villages remote, and Sheirs,
Of East and Western Hemispheres :
From foreign Parishes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Mastiffs ; some to fight
For Fame and Honour, some for fight,
And now in Field of Death, the Lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,
And Bloud was ready to be broached ;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em :
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?

What

What *Oestrums*, what Phrenetick Mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,
 While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks---Ghost?
 What Towns, what Garisons might you
 With Hazard of this Bloud subdue,
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain, Untriumphable *Pray*?
 Shall *Saints* in civil Bloudshed wallow
 Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?
 The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o're?
 Then because Quarrels still are seen,
 With Oaths an Swearing to begin,
 The *Solemn League and Covenant*
 Will seem a meer *God-dam me Rant*;
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make War *for the King*
Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear we do
 For *God*, and for *Religion* we too,

For if *Bear-beating* we allow,
 What good can *Reformation* do ?
 The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the Fruits o' th' *Protestation*,
 The Prototype of *Reformation*.
 Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,
 Wore in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members Quarrel to espouse ?
 Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
 With Zeal and Noises formidable ;
 And make all *Cries* about the Town
 Join Throats to cry the *Bishops* down ?
 Who having round begirt the Palace,
 (As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
 As Members gave the Sign about,
 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout :
 When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
 No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
 To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
 The *Mouse-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
 And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old *Cloaths* in the *Lurch*,
 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
 Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
 Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-Bread* :
 And some for *Brooms* and *Shoes*, *old Boots*,
 Baul'd out to *purge the Common's House* :
 Instead of *Kitchen-stuff*, some cry,
 A *Gospel-preaching-Ministry* ;
 And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
 No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.
 A strange harmonious Inclination
 Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.
 And is this all ? Is this the End
 To which these *Carr'ings on* did tend ?
 Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
 For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,
 And run int' ev'ry *Tradesman's Book*,
 Till both turn'd *Bankrupts*, and are broke ?

Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
 And crowd as if they came to late ?
 For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin *Piss-pots*, *Bouls*, and *Flaggons*,
 Int' Officers of Horse, and Dragoons ;
 And into Pikes and Musqueteers
 Stamp'd *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers* ?
 A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
 Did start up living Men, as soon
 As in the Furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing sown.
 Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
 The *Brethrens* Off'rings, consecrate
 Like th' *Hebrew-Calf*, and down before it
 The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it,
 So say the *Wicked*—and will you
 Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers ?
 Have pow'rful *Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their Lungs :

Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' Power of *Gospel-Preaching Minister* ?
 Have they invented *Tones* to win
 The *Women*, and make them draw in
 The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
 Tame Elephant inveigle the Male ?
 Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to ?
 Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,
 And which way best to countermine :
 Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk* ;
 Told it the *News* o'th' last Express,
 And after good or bad Success ;
 Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
 As *Overtures* and Propositions,
 (Such as the *Army* did present
 To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
 Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,

By setting Church and Common-weal
 All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
 On which the Saints were all-a-gog,
 And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog* ?
 The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
 To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,
 To *Well-affected* Persons down,
 In ev'ry City and great Town ;
 With Pow'r to levy Horse and Men,
 Only to bring them back agen :
 For this did many, a Mile,
 Ride manfully in Rank and File,
 With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
 As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,
 Been try'd by People of all Sorts,
Velis, & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
 And all t' advance the *Quase's* Service ?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine Fray ?
 Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
 Each man of us to run before

Another still in *Reformation*,
 Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation ?
 How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it ?
 What will *Malignants* say ? *Videlicet*,
 That each Man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest :
 And bid *the Devil take the hinmost*,
 Which at this Rate is like to win most.
 They'll say our Bus'ness to *reform*
 The Church and State, is but a Worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 T' an unknown Church Discipline:
 What is it else, but before-hand,
 T' ingage, and after understand ?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present *Reformation*,
 According to the purest Mode
 Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a Vow
 To do we knew not what, nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what Churches these should be.

And is indeed the self-same Case
 With theirs that swore t' *Et cætera's* ;
 Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
 To fight to the last Drop of Bloud,
 These Slanders will be thrown upon
 The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,
 If we permit Men to run headlong
 T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*, }
 Rather than *Gospel-walking* times,
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.
 But we the Matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious Scandal,
In Name of King and Parliament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment.
 This Feud, but keep the Peace between
 Your Bretheren and your Country-Men ;
 And to those Places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,
 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and Enginier of mischief ;

That makes division between Friends,
 For prophane and malignant ends.
 He and that Engine of vile noise.
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condign Punishment as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon *Reduce* you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol* who had long supprest
 Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breast.
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
 Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
 As e'er in Weazel'd Pork was hatched ;
 Thou Tail of Worship that dost grow
 On Rump of Justice as of Cow ;
 How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage
 O' th' self, old Ir'n and other Baggage,

With

With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
 Has broke his Wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th' I say, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy Lumber against us ?
 Could thine Impertinence find out
 No Work t' employ it self about,
 Where thou, secure from Wooden Blow,
 Thy Busy Vanity might'st show ?
 Was no Dispute a-foot between
 The *Caterwauling Bretheren* ?
 No subtle Question rais'd among
 Those *out-o'-their Wits*, and those i' th' Wrong;
 No Prize between those Combatants
 O' th' times the Land and Water-*Saints* ;
 Where thou might'st *stickle without Hazard*
 Of Outrage to thy Hide and Wazzard,
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better Sort
 Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport ?
 Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
 Cut-Purse, nor Burglary abroad ?

No.

No *Stollen-Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
 To tye thee up from breaking loose?
 No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
 For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busie from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the Devil;
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee;
 And set th' a task, with subordination,
 To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*
 To cheat with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
 All Parties, and the Common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither.
 But if th' hast Brain enough in Scull
 To keep it self in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of Stones
 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
 And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both.
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence at length these words broke out.

Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
 And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
 For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle ?
 Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up Veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
 And sell thy Carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy Magick to repair
 Decay'd old Age in tough lean ware,
 Make Natural Death appear thy Work,
 And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork ;
 Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
 Because by Bullock ne'er withstood ;
 Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
 And Axes made to hew down Lives ;
 Shall save or help the to evade
 The hand of Justice, or this Blade,

Which

Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
 For civil Deed and Military.
 Nor shall these Words of Venom base,
 Which thou hast, from their Native place,
 Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
 Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,
 Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that VVight
 VVith Gantlet blue and Bases white,
 And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
 So great a Man at Arms defy'd
 VVith words far bitterer than VVormwood,
 That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood (heal;
 Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do
 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
 His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;
 And bending Cock, he level'd full
 Against th' outside of *Talgot's* Skull;
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.

But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
 And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
 Her *Gorgon* shield, which made the Cock
 Stand stiff as if 'twere turn'd t' astock.
 Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
 With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*.
 And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,
 Instead of Sheild, the Blow receiv'd.
 The Gun recoil'd, - as well it might, . .
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
 And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
 Then *Hudibras* with furious haste
 Drew out his Sword; yet not so fast,
 But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
 Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back.
 But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
 Courageously he laid about,
 Imprinting many a Wound upon
 His mortal Foe the Truncheon,
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 It self against dead-doing blows,

To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the Sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of Wood ;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle fore,
Wood wounds and bruises Honour more,
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death ;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting
Conquest should be so long a getting ,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
By cunning slight ; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
 To aid his Friend began to fall on,
 Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
 A fierce Dispute betwixt them two :
 Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
 This fit for bruise, and that for Bloud.
 VVith many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
 VVhile none that saw them could divine
 To which side Conquest would encline
 Untill *Magnano*, who did envy
 That two should with so many Men vye,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
 For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where Thistles grew on barren ground,
 In haste he drew his Weapon out,
 And having crop'd them from the Root
 He clapp'd them under th' Horse's Tail
 With prickles sharper than a Nail.
 The angry Beast did straight resent
 The wrong done to his Fundament,

Begun

Begun to kick, and fling and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disingage from Thistle
That gau'd him sore under his Tail;
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back ;
And blundring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's Steed such a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop
And fate on further side aslope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal blow
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out,
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd ;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.

The Friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
 Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
 And heavy brunt of Cannon ball.
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
 And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
 In Body, though his mighty Spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*,
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his Snout.
 His Wrath inflam'd boil'd o'r, and from
 His jaws of Death he threw the some;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever Herauld drew him.
 He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
 From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd,
 And vext the more, because the harms
 He self were gainst the *Law of Arms*:
 For Men he always took to be
 His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:

Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him,
 It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
 For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,
 And serv'd with Loss of Bloud so long,
 Should offer such inhumane wrong ;
 Wrong of unfoldier-like Condition :
 For which he flung down his Commission :
 And laid about him, till his Nose
 From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed Crew,
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
 But took none ; for by hasty Flight
 He strove t' avoid the Conquering *Knight*.
 From whom he fled with as much Haste
 And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
 In Haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way.

*Crowd*ero only kept the Field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,

Though beaten down and wounded fore,
 I th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of Bone;
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
 Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,
 With fright of Fall supposed Wound,
 And loss of Urine, in a Swoond,
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb
 That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*
 For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
 He with the Foo began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch,
 Sole Author of all Detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent.

But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)

Looking about, beheld the Bard
 To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
 He snatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his Steed,
 (As Rats do from a falling House,)
 To hide it self from rage of blows ;
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
 Which e'er he could Achieve, his Sconce
 The Leg encounter'd twice and once ;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between,
 He took the Blow upon his Arm,
 To shield the *Knight* from further Harm ;
 And joyning Wrath with Force, bestow'd
 On th' VVooden Member such a Load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdera, whom it prop'd before.
 To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
 And setting his bold Foot upon
 His Trunk, thus spoke : VVhat *desp'rate Frenzy*
 Made thee, (thou VVhelp of Sin) to fancy

Thy

Thy self and all that Coward Rabble
 T' encounter us in Battel able ?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship ?
 And *Hudibras*, or me Provoke,
 Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out Blows as that of Wood ?
 Could not the Whipping-Host-prevail
 VVith all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jayl,
 To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
 And Ankle free from Iron Gin ?
 VVhich now thou shalt---but first our care
 Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare..
 This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
 And set him on his Bum upright :
 To rouse him from Lethargick Dump,
 He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle Thump
 Knock'd on his Breast, as if t' had been
 To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
 They, wakened with the Noise, did fly
 From inward Room to VVindow Eye,

And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
 Lookt out, but yet with some Amazement.
 This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the *Knight* : quoth he,
 Tweaking his Nose, you are, great Sir,
 A *Self-denying* Conqueror ;
 As high, victorious and great,
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give your self but leave
 To make out what y' already have ;
 That's Victory, the Foe for dread
 Of your Nine-Worthiness, is fled,
 All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake :
 And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet.
 Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
 For one wink of your pow'rful Eye
 Must sentence him to live, or dye.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 VVon in the Service of the Churches ;

And

And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
 For though success did not confer
 Just Title on the Conquerer;
 Though *dispensations* were not strong
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;
 Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
 And *owning* were but a meer term:
 Yet as the *wicked* have no right
 To th' *Creature*, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the *Saint*,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites,
 All which the *Saints* have Title to.
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before.
 For we are their true *Landlords* still,
 And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He snatcht his Weapon that lay near him;
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the Honour
Of his Destruction, I that am
A nothingness in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?

For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will :
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Aw
Than if you were a Knight of Straw :
For Death would then be his Conqueror :
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death to you ;
Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain :

The

The Laurels that adorn their Brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
 And living Foes the greatest Fame
 Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
 One half of him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your Pain,
 Th' Honour can but on one side light,
 As Worship did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.
 Wherefore I think it better far,
 To keep him Prisoner of VVar ?
 And let him fast in Bonds abide,
 At *Court of Justice* to be try'd :
 VVhere if h' appear so bold or crafty ;
 There may be Danger in his Safety ;
 If any Member there dislike
 His Face, or to his Beard have Pike ;
 Or if his Death will save, or yield,
 Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*,
 Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheless
 Y' have Pow'r to hang him when you please,
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great Conquerors, you know whom :
 And

And has by most of us been held
 Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd,
 For Words and Promises that yoke
 The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
 Like *Sampson's* Cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and Advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the *Cause*
 By rules of Military Laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The *Cause* would quickly fall to Dust.
 This we among our selves may speak,
 But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
 We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous Mettle
 Of *Knight*, began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done:
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,
 And to its former Place and Use
 The Wooden Member to reduce:

But

But force it take an Oath before,

Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,

And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,

He gave Sir *Knight* the End of Cord,

To lead the Captive of his Sword

In triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,

And them to further Service brought.

The *Squire* in State, rode on before,

And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore

The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Cafe*,

Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace:

The *Knight* himself did after ride,

Leading *Crowdero* by his side,

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind;

Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.

Thus grave and solemn they march on,

Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone,

At further end of which their stands

An ancient Castle, that commands

Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick

You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,

G

But

But all of Wood, by Pow'rful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable;
 There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate ;
 And yet Men durance there abide,
 . In Dungeon scarce threes Inches wide ;
 With Roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lye, or sit ;
 And yet so foul, that whofo is in,
 Is to the Middle-leg in Prison,
 In Circle Magical confin'd,
 With Wall of subtle Air and Wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until th' are freed by Head of Borough.
 Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous *Knight*
 And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
 At th' outward Wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands ;
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater,
 For though the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.

And

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a Spire,
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*
 The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Cafe*,
 In manner of a Trophy, place.
 That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
 And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like Hermit poor in pensive Place,
 To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
 And the Survivor of his feet :
 But th' other that had broke the peace,
 And head of Knighthood, they release,
 Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,
 Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged ;

While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in Prison fort,
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

The

The ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Prisoner: Then they seize
Th' Incanted Fort by Storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place.
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

CANTO III.

AH me! What Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-Claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may sing or say
I th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;

For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
 The Field as certain as a Gun,
 And having routed the whole Troop,
 With Victory was Cock-a-hoop ;
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase,
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
 Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
 And Register'd by Fame Eternal,
 In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal* ?
 Found in few minutes to his Cost,
 He did but *Count without his Host* ?
 And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,
 Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
 From bloody Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
 (All but the Dogs who in pursuit,
 Of the *Knight's* Victory stood to't,
 And most ignobly sought to get
 The Honour of his Bloud and Sweat)

Seeing the Coast was free and clear
 O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
 Took heart again and fac'd about,
 As if they meant to stand it out :
 For by this time the routed *Bear*
 Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to Fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 Retiring still, until he found
 H' had got th' advantage of the Ground ;
 And then as valiantly made head,
 To check the Foe, and forthwith fled ;
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
 Of Warrior stout and Politick ;
 Until in spight of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute,
 On better terms, and stop the course
 Of the proud Foe. With all his force

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil ;
 But still their numbers so increast
 He found himself at length oppress'd,
 And all evasions so uncertain,
 To save himself for better fortune ;
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
 To die with honour in the field,
 And sell his Hide and Carcass at
 A price as high and desperate
 As e'er he could. This Resolution
 He forthwith put in Execution,
 And bravely threw himself among
 The Enemy i' th' greatest throng.
 But what could single Valour do
 Against so numerous a Foe ?
 Yet much he did, indeed too much
 To be believ'd, where th' odds was such :
 But one against a Multitude,
 Is more than mortal can make good,
 For while one party he oppos'd,
 His Rear was suddainly enclos'd,

And

And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a Foe so great,
For now the Mastives charging home
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come :
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His Person was above them all,
This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd
In th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout
As he had done and stand it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms.
Enraged thus, some in the Rear
Attack'd him and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about :
As Widdrington in doleful dumps
Is said to fight upon his Stumps ;
But all, alas ! Had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,

If *Trulla* and *Gerdon* in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick;
 For *Trulla* who was light of Foot,
 As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,
 (But not so light as to be born
 Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
 Than Witches when their Staves they liquor.
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the Martial Throng :
 Where pitying the vanquish'd *Bear*,
 She call'd to *Gerdon* who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight, to whom
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,
 And see stout *Bruin* all alone
 By numbers basely over-thrown?
 Such Feats already he has achiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd ;
 And 't would to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
 To second thee, and rescue him :

But

But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late ;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground ;
 And joining Forces laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if *the Devil drove*, to run. (Bruin
 Mean while th' approach'd the place where
 Was now engag'd to mortal rain :
 The Conquering Foe they soon assail'd
 First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold :
 And yet, alas ! do what they could,
 The worsted *Bare* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before ;
 For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
 Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over but the Pagan heel :

So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end :
His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
Encounter lost a Leathern Parcel :
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
Close to his Head ; so *Bruin* far'd :
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like *Scriv'ner* newly crucify'd ;
Or like the late-corrected Leathern
Ears of the *Circumcised Brethren*.
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Nose convey'd a String,
With which She marcht before, and led
The Warriour to a grassy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool shade,
Which *Eglantine* and *Roses* made,
Close by a softly murmuring Stream
Where Lovers use to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of Foes,

And

And wanting nothing but a Song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorba* hang
 Upon a Bough to ease the Pain
 His tugg'd Ears suffer'd, with a strain,
 They both drew up to march in quest
 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaing of his Ground
 In standing Fights than for pursuit;
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the Chace,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind;
 Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his Coward Foes.
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
 Forcing the Vallies to repeat
 The Accents of his sad regret.

He

He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
 For loss of his dear Crony *Bear* :
 That Echo from the hollow ground
 His doleful Wailings did resound
 More wilfully, by many times,
 Than in small Poets splay-foot rhimes,
 That make her, in their ruful stories,
 To answer to Inter'gatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows :
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the Lovers fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Beldin*,
 Art thou fled to my----Echo *ruins* ?
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
 For fear, (Quoth Echo) *Marry gnep*.
 Am not I here to take thy part ?
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?
 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it.
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget*,
 Think't

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dust
 Thou turn'dst thy back ? Quoth Echo, *Pish.*
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus Cowardly ? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine Enemy ?
 Or if thou hast no thought on me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his Bloud in
 His Honour's cause ? Quoth she, *a Puddin.*
 This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
 Which in his Manly Stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the Authors of his Wo
 Should equal Vengeance undergo ;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd and his Bear.
 This being resolv'd with equal speed
 And Rage he hasted to proceed

To Action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for *Brain* any more,
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
 To find him out, where'er he was.
 And if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd:

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute Adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that Crew
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
 Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame;
 Did equally their Breasts enflame.
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
 And *Talgol*, Foe to *Hudibras* :
Cerden and *Colon*, Warriors stout
 And Resolute as ever fought :
 Whom furious *Orfin* thus bespoke.

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile affront, that poultry As
 And feeble Scoundrel *Hudibras*,
 With that more poultry *Ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing.

Have

Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
 As if th' had routed us in Battel?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
 I for the washing gave my Head :
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O' th' Rascals, but loss of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo :
 For whether these fell Wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel,
 Nor do *I know* what is become
 Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
 But if I can but find them out
 That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
 Where e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd,
 To *pull the Devil by the Beard*.
 Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has ev'ry Body here
 As well as thou hast or thy Bear.

Others may do as they see good ;
 But if this twig be made of Wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
 And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
 Though hugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill,
 My self and *Trulla* made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift ;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough :
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,
 The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said they all engag'd to joyn
 Their Forces in the same Design :
 And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of *Hudibras* upon their March.
 Where leave we them a while to tell
 What the Victorious *Knight* besel :
 For such, *Crowdero* being fast
 In Dungeon shut, we left him fast.

Triumphant

Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his Brow :
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With Conquering toil he now retir'd
 Unto a Neighbouring Castle by,
 To rest his Body and apply
 Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise
 He got in fight, *Reds, Blacks, and Blues* ;
 To Mollify th' uneasie pang
 Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
 Which b'ing by Skilful Midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
 Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land,
 (For he, in all his amorous Battels,
 No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
 Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
 Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight* ;
 The shaft against a Rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the *Purtenance*.

But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
 After he found his Suit in vain.
 For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in's Belly like a coal,
 (That Belly that so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
 Had almost brought him off his Legs)
 Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,
 That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*
 That cut his Mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard-a-hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadisish tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks :
 'Mong which one-crofs grain'd Freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could Love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;
 Not Love, if any Lov'd her ? Hey day !
 So Cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.

So

So some Diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart must say her
 The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
 Mean while the *Knight* had no small Task,
 To compass what he durst not ask.
 He Loves, but dares not make the Motion;
 Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.
 Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his Face to rump of Steed.
 Or rowing Scull he's fain to Love,
 Look one way, and another move;
 Or like a Tumbler that does play
 His game, and look another way,
 Until he seize upon the Coney:
 Just so does he by Matrimony.
 But all in vain: Her subtle Snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out;
 Which she return'd with too much Scorn,
 To be by Man of Honour Born,
 Yet much he bore, until the Distress,
 He suffer'd from his spiteful Mistress,

And

Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain
 He had endur'd, from her Disdain,
 Turn'd to Regret, so resolute
 That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in fight.
 This resolution b'ing put on,
 He kept some Months, and more had done;
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The Victory he achiev'd so late,
 Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope
 A Door to discontinu'd Hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His Dame too, now his hand was in;
 And that his Valour and the Honour
 H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,
 These Reasons made his Mouth to water
 With amorous Longings to be at her.

Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes
 May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the Troop:

If nothing can oppugn Love,
 And Vertue Envious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both Love and Vertue too?
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
 Which V Women oft are taken in.
 Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldeſt thou fear
 To be, that art a Conquerer.
 Fortune th' Audacious doth juſtifie,
 But lets the timorous miſcarry.
 Then while the Honour thou haſt got
 Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou haſt beſt,
 And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
 Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
 More than his Bangs or Fleas, from ſleep.
 And as an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
 Sits ſtill and ſtarts his round blue Eyes,
 As if he ſlept, upon the ſpies

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The little Beast within his reach,
The starts and seizes on the Wretch.
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widow's Heart ;
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse.
Ralpho dispatch, To Horse, to Horse.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy Marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he ensconc'd.
Had had all th' Avenues possess'd
About the place, from East to West.
That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the Ground, and where t'assault ;
Then call'd a Council which was best,
By Siege or Onslaught to invest
The Enemy : And 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed,
This being resolv'd, in comely sort,
They now drew up t'attack the Fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another guise adventure.

To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
 Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,
 To which he was an utter Stranger;
 That Foresight might, or might not blot
 The Glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his Bed:
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in Sciences profound.
 His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the Postern Gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the Field.
 This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected fight.
 The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh:

Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was soon converted to Rage.

And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,
VVhom we but now gave Quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears,
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat.
And to their VVill we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom,
This is the same numerick Crew
VVhich we so lately did subdue,
The self-same Individuals that
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
VVhen we Couragiously did wield
Our Martial VVeapons in the Field,
To tug for Victory : And when
We shall our shining Blades agen
Brandish in terrour o'er our Heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted Dreads,
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by fits those whom it takes,

And

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And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt to day, again:
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.
His Pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew:
And placing *Ralphe* in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriots use: Then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal Rage,
And speed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows.
When *Orfin* first let fly a Stone
At *Ralphe*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withal

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
 T' have sent him to another World;
 Whether above Ground or below,
 Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
 The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,
 And made him some few Steps retire.
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
 And rous'd his Spirits half dismay'd;
 He wisely doubting lest the Shot
 Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gell, prest close,
 To come, pell-mell, to handy Blows,
 And that he might their Aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique Line;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher;
 As expert Warriors use to do,
 When hand to hand they charge the Foe,
 This Order the advent'rouss *Knight*
 Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight,
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
 And for the Foe began to stickle,

The

The more shame for her *goody-ship*,
 To give so near a Friend the slip.
 For *Colon* chusing out a stone,
 Level'd so right it thumpt upon
 His Manly Pannch with such a Force,
 As almost beat him off his Horse.
 He lost his Whyniard, and the Reyn;
 But laying fast hold on the Mane,
 Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose
 In death contracts his Talons close;
 So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
 The Tricker of his Pistol draw.
 The Gun went off: And as it was
 Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
 In all his Feats of Arms, when least
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
 So now he far'd: The shot let fly
 At rando 'mong the Enemy,
 Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gabberdine, and grazing
 Upon his Shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,
 Who straight *A Surgeon*: cry'd, *a Surgeon*:

He

He tumbled down and as he fell,
 Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
 This startled their whole Body so,
 That if the *Knight* had not let go
 His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
 H' had won (the second time) the fight.
 As if the *Squire* had but faln on,
 He had inevitably done :
 But he diverted with the care
 Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbare
 To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten.
 For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd
 The fight so well 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day.
 And now the busie Work of Death
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
 Preparing to renew the Fight;
 When the disaster of the *Knight*
 And th' other Party did divert,
 Their fell Intent and forc'd them part.

Ralpho

Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*.

And *Cerdon*, where *Magnano* was ;
Each striving to confirm his Party
With stout Encouragements and Hearty.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour stir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd Foe begins to run :
For if but half so well you knew
To use your Victory as subdue,
They durst not after such a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But from so formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.
Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft.
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the Day.
Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.

His

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took' than *Ralph's* harangue ;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
 Tells me thy Counsel comes to late.

The knotted Bloud within my hose,
 That from my wounded Body flows,
 With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,
 Either of Fortitude or Wit.

Fortune my face begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

I am not apt upon a Wound,
 Or trivial Basting to despond :

Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtal,
 For if I thought my Wounds not mortal ;
 Or that we'd time enough as yet

To make an honourable Retreat,

Twere the best course : But if they find
 We fly and leave our Arms behind,

For them to seize on, the Dishonour
 And Danger too is such, I'll sooner

Stand

Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them see I am no Starter.
In all the trade of War no Feat,
Is nobler than a brave Retreat.
For those that run away, and fly,
Take Place at least of th' Enemy.
This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny steed
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a Man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft ;
But by his weighty Bum as oft
He was pull'd back till having found
Th' advantage of the rising Ground,
Thither he led his Warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
When *Orsin* who had newly drest

The bloody Scar upon the Shoulder
 Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,
 And now was searching for the Shot
 That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
 Beheld the sturdy *Squire* afore said
 Preparing to climb up his Horse-side.
 He left his Cure, and laying hold
 Upon his Arms with Courage bold,
 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally;
 The Enemy begins to rally :
 Let us that are unhurt and whole
 Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.

This said, like to a Thunderbolt
 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,
 Striving the Enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his Horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his Beast with Active vaulting,
 Wrigling his Body to recover
 His seat, and cast his right Leg over ;
 When *Orfin* rushing in bestow'd.
 On Horse and Man so heavy a load,

The Beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or stout King *Richard*, on his back :
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoond.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rowse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;
He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with despightful Ire ;
Couragiously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out.
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,
With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
That down it fell and did no Harm ;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.

The *Knight* his Sword had only left
 With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
 But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
 He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
 Upon his Quarters opposite.
 But as a Barque that in foul weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to :
 So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
 And knew not which of them t' oppose.
 Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce
 At *Hudibras*, by spightful Chance,
 Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the Ground,
 At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
 And raising up himself on Stirrup,
 Cry'd out *Victoria* ; lie thou there,
 And I shall straight dispatch another,
 To beat thee Company in death :
 But first I'll halt a while and breath.

As well he might : For *Orfin* griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled Foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orfin* with full speed,
While he was busie in the care
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* streight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;

Or, as occasion should invite ;
 With Forces join'd renew the fight ;
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd his Limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone ;
 VWhen *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more as Conquerours,
 Have both the Field and Honour won,
 The Foe is profligate and run,
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home ;
 And some lie sprauling on the ground
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself cou'd never say
 He got two Victories in a Day ;
 As I have done that can say, twice I
 In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici,*

The Foe's so numerous that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 As they *perire*, and yettenow
 Be left to strike an after-Blow,
 Then left they rally and once more
 Put us to fight the Business o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I shou'd not, If I were
 In case for Action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An Arse, for fear of being bang'd :
 It was for you I got these Harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch Off your Arms,
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
 Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
 My Limbs of Strength : unless you stoop
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a Prey
 To those who now are run away.
 That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras* :)
 We read, the Ancients held it was

More Honourable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an Adversary,
 The one we oft to day have done ;
 The other shall dispatch anon,
 And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*.
 Then Bowing down his Body stretcht
 His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht ;
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
 She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out ?
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got.
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the Prisoners,
 Which all in feat of Arms was hers ;
 And now to plunder *Ralph*, she flew,
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew

To succor him ; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yeild, *Scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or dye;
 Thy Life is mine and Liberty.

But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
 To try thy Fortune o'er a fresh,
 I'll wave my Title to thy flesh,
 Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right :
 And if thou hast the heart to try'r,

I'll lend thee back thy self a while,
 And once more for that carcass vile,
 Fight upon tick--Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word,
 First let me rise, and take my Sword,
 That Sword which has so oft this day
 Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
 And some to other Worlds dispatcht,
 Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,

Will blush with Bloud ignoble stain'd,
 By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider while thou mayst what 'tis
 To interrupt a Victor's Course,
 B' opposing such a trivial Force :
 For if with Conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor Grace,
 By law of Arms in such a Case ;
 Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her Breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)
 Quarter, or Counsel from a Foe :
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be sed,
 When I have once more won thy Head,
 I took the napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard,

This said, she to her Tackle fell,
 And on the *Knight* let fall a peal

Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,
 That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yeild to Mercy,
 It is not fighting *Arfie-verfie*
 Shall serve thy turn---This stirr'd his Spleen
 More than the Danger he was in,
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Although th' already made him reel.
 Honour, despight, revenge and shame,
 At once into his stomach came;
 VVhich fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
 Above his Head, and rain'd a storm
 Of blows, so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hash her quick.
 But she upon her Truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them,
 VVaiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury.
 Which long she fall'd not of, for now
 The *Knight* with one dead doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning flight
 Avoiding

Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.
 No sooner she th' advantage found,
 But in she flew, and seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
 Say, will the Law of Arms allow
 I may have Grace, and Quarter now ?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword :
 A Man of War to damn his Soul,
 In basely breaking his Parole,
 And when before the Fight, th' hadst vow'd
 To give no Quarter in cold blood :
 Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar* :
 To make m' against my will take quarter :
 Why dost not put me to the Sword,
 But Cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own ;
 Thou and thy Stars have cast me down :
 My Laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy Conq'ring Brow :
 My Loss of Honour's great enough.
 Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff :
 Sarcafmes may Eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost Renown :
 I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The Ancient *Heroes* were illustrious
 For b'ing benign, and not blustrous,
 Against a vanquish'd Foe ; their Swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words ;
 And did in Fight but cut Work out
 T' employ their Courtesies about.

Quoth she, altho' thou hast deserv'd,
 Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,
 If thou hadst got the Victory ;
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my Fame, than thy desert.

Thy

Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
 All that's on th' outside of thy Hide,
 Are mine by Military Law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw :
 The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate;
 What thou Command'st I must obey.
 Yet those whom I expang'd to day,
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
 Whom I took Pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Tralla*, Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
 That gave *Crowdero* quarter too ?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's Pound*
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His generous Bowels rage and fret.

But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did freight submit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he disrob'd his Gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The Mantle that she wore, said jesting.
Take that, and wear it for my sake ;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy-back.
And as the *French* we Conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers.
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers ;
Just so the proud insulting Lads
Array'd and dight'd *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerit
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To share in th' Honour and the Prey.
And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;

Which

Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden shower.
 But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword;
 And vow'd they should not break her word;
 Sh' had given him Quarter, and her blood
 Or theirs should make that Quarter good.
 For she was bound by Law of Arms,
 To see him safe from further harms.
 In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
 By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast;
 Where to the hard and-ruthless Stones
 His great Heart made perpetual moans.
 Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
 Should ransom, and supply his place.
 This stopt their fury, and the basting
 Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had achiev'd in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;

Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :
 For who a better could imagine ?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
 The *Knight*, and *Squire*, first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid :
 Then mounted both upon their *Horses*,
 But with their Faces to the *Artes*.
Orfin led *Hudibras's* beast
 And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,
 Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
 And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
 All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the Reer
 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.
 In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,
 Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,
 Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
 Thither with greater speed, than Shows
 And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
 Do use t' allow, or than the *Bears*
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*

Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
 In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
 Still marching in a Warlike posture,
 As fit for Battel as for Muster.
 The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
 And bending 'gainst their Fort their force,
 They all advanc'd, and round about
 Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*..
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
 And made way for the rest to enter.
 For he was skilful in *Black Art*
 No less than he that built the Fort;
 And with an Iron Mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
 And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
 Him they release from durance base,
 Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,
 And Liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to assuage.
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,

And

And in the self-same *Limbo*, put
 The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.
 Where leaving them i' th' *Hockly i' th' Hole*,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion, to know sorrow ;
 In the same order and array .
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Hudibras* who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with ends of Verse,
 And Sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, 'Th' one half of Man, his Mind
 Is *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 What e'er the other moiety feels.
 Tis not restraint or Liberty
 That makes Men Prisoners or free ;
 But perturbations that possess
 The Mind or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd

Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a poultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye and sob,
 Because h' had ne'er another *Tub*.
 And Ancients make two several kinds
 Of Prowess in Heroick minds,
 The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant;
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
 For both to give blows and to carry,
 In fights are Equeneccessary;
 But in defeats, the *Passive* stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo
 The *Active*, 'gainst a Conqu'ring Foe.
 Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggil'd,
 Or as the vulgar say, are *cudgel'd*:
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,
 And cannot be *extended* from

The legal Tenant : 'Tis a Chattel,
 Not to be forfeited in Battel.
 If he that is in Battel slain,
 Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
 He that is beaten may be fed
 To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
 For as we see th' Eclipsed Sun
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when adorn'd with all his light
 He shines in Serene Sky most bright:
 So Valour in a low estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
 As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
 A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off,

For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*
 Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
 And might with Honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof:
 A politick exploit, right fit
 For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's stone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
 To take the height on't and explain
 To what degree it is prophane,
 Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
 Thy *light Jump* right thou call'st *Synodical*.
 As if *Presbytery* were a Standard
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove *Bear-baiting* equal
 With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?
 Do if thou canst, for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
 Hard Matter for a Man to do,
 That has but any *Guts* in's *Brains*,
 And could believe it worth his pains.
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,
 Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the *Babylonish* Sport.
 For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,
 Do differ only in a mere word.
 Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*
 Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :
 Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies :
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 The one with Man, the other Beasts.
 The difference is, The one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth ;
 And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
 In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*,

Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake
 For *Gospel Light* and *Conscience* sake;
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
 Instead of *Mastive Dogs* and *Curs*;
 Than whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at Souls of Men will fly.
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,
 Who in a Vision saw a *Bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of *Church Rule* in this latter Age:
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Pope's Ball*.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
 That live by Rapine, so do they,
 What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-Censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
 But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,
 To tye poor Christians to the stake?
 And then set heathen *Officers*,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
 For to prohibit and dispence,
 To find out or to make offence,

Of Hell and Heayen to dispose,
 To play with Souls at fast and loose ;
 To set what Characters they please,
 And mulcts on Sin or Godliness,
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel Order*,
 By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*; and *Murther* ;
 To make *Presbytery* supream,
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them ;
 And force all People, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When *Saints Monopolists* are made.
 When *Pious* frauds and *Holy shifts*
 Are *Dispensations* and *Gifts*,
 There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*.

A mungrel breed of like Pernition,
 And growing up became the Sires
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers* ;
 Whose busness is, by cunning flight
 To cast a figure for Mens *Light*

To find in lines of Beard and Face,
 The Physiognomy of Grace ;
 And by the sound and twang of Nose,
 If all be found within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing,
 By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
 Give certain guess at inward *Light* :
 Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
 To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
 The *Handkerchief* about the Neck
 (Canonical *Grabat* of *Smock*,
 From whom the Institution came,
 When Church and *Sole* they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)
 u dge rightly if *Regeneration*
 Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion.
 Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion
 That *Grace is founded in Dominion*.
 Great *Piety* consists in *Pride* ;
 To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :

To domineer, and to controul
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect *discipline*
 Of Church rule and by *right divine*.
Bel and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they (Poor Knaves) were glad to cheat
 To get their Wives and Children meat ;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else with Bloud and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
 Sure these themselves from Primitive
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
 When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*.
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
 Whose *Directory* was to *kill* ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only difference is, that then
 They slaughter'd only *Beasts*, now *Men*.
 For then to Sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now as then a Child to *Moloch*,

They count a vile Abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a *Free State*,
 A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
 Where every Village is a *See*
 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
 A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan* :
 Where ev'ry *Prebyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon;
 And ev'ry Hamlets governed
 By's *Holiness*, the *Church's head*,
 More haughty and severe in's place
 Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
 With many heads : For if we consider
 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,
 According to th' Apostles mind,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon ;
 Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*,

Lay-Elder, Simeon to Levi,

Whose little Finger is as heavy
As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
Archbishop-secular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind ;
A Lawless *Linsy-woolsey Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another ;
A Creature of Amphibious nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water ;
That always preys on Grace, or Sin ;
A Sheep without; a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquisitor has chief
Dominion over Mens Belief
And Manners , can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or Ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Thro' courtest Boulter others' gifts.
For all Men live and judge amiss
Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,

The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handywork
 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For *hast* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of *Fallacies*, & *Elenchi* back ;
 And put your Arguments in mood
 And Figure, to be understood.
 I'll force you by right *Ratiocination*
 To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *Dialectics*.

The Question then, to state it first,
 Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
 To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
 But to make good th' Assertion,
 Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
 If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
 Why then *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
 For if they are the *same*, by course
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
 But I deny they are the *same*,
 More than a *Maggot* and I am.
 That both are *Animalia*,
 I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
 For tho' they do agree in kind,
 Specifick difference we find,
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,
 Than prove my *Horse* is *Socrates*.
 That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
 And thus I prove it, in a word,
 Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impowr'd

To *censure, curse, absolve, and ardain*
 Can be no *Synod* : But *Bear-garden*
 Has no such pow'r. *Ergo* 'tis none,
 And so thy *Sophistry's* o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;
 For that was, Whether *Bears* are better
 Than *Synod-Men* ? I say *Negatur*.

That *Bears* and *Beasts*, and *Synod-Men*,
 Is held by all , They're better then.

For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four Legs go,
 As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on Two.

'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails* ?

But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails* ;

Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*

Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter* ;

Or that his *snout* and *spacious Ears*

Do hold proportion with a *Bear's*.

A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all

Most ugly and unnatural,

Whelpt without form, until the Dam

Have lickt him into shape and frame,

But

But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict
That ever *Synod-man* was lickt ;
Or brought to any other Fashion
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thy self and sense, that is,
Thou wouldst have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too ;
A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said ; which I know when,
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis Plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*
Are all but plagiarary shifts ;)
And is the same that *Ranter* sed,
Who arguing with me, broke my head,

L

And

And tore a handful of my Beard :
 The self-same Cavils then I heard,
 VVhen b'ing in hot dispute about
 This Controverſie, we fell out;
 And what thou know'ſt I answer'd then,
 VVill ſerve to answer thee agen :

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
 Of *Humane Learning* you produce.;
Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane , erroneous, and vain;
 A trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat :
 An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and VVit,
 And render both for nothing fit ;
 Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet :
 A cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Mens reason and their own ;
 A Fort of Error, to enſconce
 Abſurdity and Ignorance ;
 That renders all the avenues
 To Truth impervious and abſtruſe,

By

By making plain things, in debate,
 By Art, perplext and intricate :
 For nothing goes for Sense or *Light*
 That will not with old rules jump right.
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Paagan, Heathenish* Invention
 Is good for nothing but Contention.
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
 All blows do on the Target light :
 So when Men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
 Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
 Out-run the Constable at last ;
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
 But to the former opposite,
 And *contrary as black to white* ;
 Mere *Disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Human Learning* ;

To things s' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in : therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-

Annotations

TO THE

FIRST PART.

Canto I. Page 2.

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.

BInd over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Idem 3.

As Montaigne playing with his Cat.

Montaigne in his Essays supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his time, in playing with her.

Idem 4.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.

Analytique is a part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

Idem 5.
A Babylonish Dialect.

A Confusion of Languages, such, as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* us'd to express themselves in.

Idem 6.
That had the Orator who once.

Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little Stones in his Mouth.

Idem 8.
He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the Nicest Subtilties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtiller things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

Idem

Id. Ibid.

Where Truth in Person does appear.

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those Notions or Images of things (in the understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says, *unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Id. Ibid.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

Idem 9.

He knew the Seat of Paradise.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to Collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

Id. Ibid.

By a High-Dutch Interpreter.

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

Id. Ibid.

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being made and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

Id. Ibid.

Who first made Musick Malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Idem 12.

Like Mahomet's were Afs and Widgeon.

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Afs was so intimate with him, the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays

stays there with him, to bring him back again.

Idem 14.

*It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict Vow.*

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those times.

Idem 14.

So Learned Taliacotius, &c.

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

Idem p. 19.

*But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.*

Oliver Cromwel and *Colonel Pride* had both been Brewers.

Idem p. 21.

*That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.*

Julius Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum ungulis fissis.* Suet. in Jul. Cap. 61.

Idem p. 22.

*The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd
With subtil shreds, a Tract of Land.*

Dido Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she could Compass with an Ox's Hide, which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground, as serv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

Idem p. 23.

As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell.

Aeneas whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough, for a Pass to Hell, and Taylors call that place Hell, where they put all they steal.

Idem p. 25.

In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.

Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can, This has been Experimented by some Modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable success.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal* out of the Arabick to signifie *Scientia superabundans*, which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous Foppery.

Id. Ibid.

As far as Adam's first Green-Breeches.

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

Id. Ibid.

*And much of Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World could say.*

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

Id. Ibid.

As Learn'd as the Wild-Irish are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild-Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

Idem p. 26.

*In Rosy-Crucian Lore as learned,
As he that Vere Adeptus earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Rosy Crucians*, is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance.

Idem p. 30

*Thou, that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.*

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He translated *Virgil's Æneids* into as horrible *Travesty* in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burlesque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

Idem p. 33.

We that are wisely mounted higher.

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humour, but all Men are ob-

lig'd to speak wisely alike ; And too much of so Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent : The rest of his Harangues have only his Sense exprest, in other Words, unless in some few places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

Idem p. 35.

In Bloudy Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contained : And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same Opinion.

Id. Ibid.

Of Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned, and Profound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

Idem p. 36.

*The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Sooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by *Monf. le Blanc*. This
Mon-

Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portuguese* from those that Worship'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests, rather to burn it. . But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been 'made of the same Ingredients, with which Sea-Men use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

Idem p. 37.

The Rage in them like Boute-feus.

Boute-feus, is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis sung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

Mammaluke's the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*, It signified a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from among the *Christians*, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, besides that the *Sultans* were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were

were formidable about 200 Years, till at last *Selim*, Sultan of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan* near *Aleppo* 1516, and so put an end to the Empire of the *Mammalukes*, which had lasted 267 Years, *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

Idem p. 43.

Honour is like a Widow won.

Our *English* Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose ;

He that Wooes a Maid, must seldom come in her sight,

But he that Wooes a Widow, must Woo her Day and Night ;

He that Wooes a Maid, must Feign, Lie, and Flatter,

But he that Wooes a Widow, must down with his Breeches and at her.

This Proverb being somewhat Immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entituled, the *Quakers Spiritual Court Proclaimed*, Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physick ; wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whose House he lodged. In Case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promised *Hilkiah*

a Chamber *gratis*; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

Canto II. p. 47.

As Indian Britans are from Penguins.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a White Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the *British* Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Britans*.

Idem p. 57.

And though his Country-Men the Huns.

This Custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicruda cuiusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, sotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pag. 686.

Id. Ibid.

----*He 'spous'd in India,
Of Noble House a Lady gay.*

The story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that Married a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others in most Travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have
lost

lost their labour and observed nothing,
but what they might have done as well
at home.

Idem p. 60.

*In Magick he was deeply read,
As he that made the Brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black-Art
As English Merlin for his heart.*

Roger Bacon and Merlin, see Collier's Dictionary.

Idem p. 61.

As Joan of France or English Mall.

Two Notorious Women, the last was
known here by the Name of *Mall Cut-*
purse.

Idem p. 62.

*They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
To swear by Hercules's Name.*

The Old Romans had particular Oaths for
Men and Women to swear by, and there-
fore Macrobius says, *Viri per Castorem non*
jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Her-
culum, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam
mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.

M

Id.

Id. Ibid.

As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.

Id. Ibid.

Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.

Penthesilea Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Orithya*; she carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was Kill'd by *Achilles*. *Pliny* saith, it was she that invented the Battel-Ax; If any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read *Mr. Sanfon*.

Id. Ibid.

Of Gundibert, &c.

Gundibert is a feign'd Name made use of by Sir *William D'avenant*, in his Famous Epick Poem so called; wherein you may find also that of his Mistress. This Poem was design'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the *English Drama*; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this difference; that this is delivered Narratively; the other Dialogue-wise. It was usher'd into the World

World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobb's*, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, *viz.* Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought might have prov'd a sufficient Defence and Protection against Snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, Four Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Donne*,) publish'd several Copies of Verses to Sir *William's* Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Authors Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of Gundibert*, in 8vo. Lond. 1653. These Verses were as wittily answer'd by the Author under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of Gundibert, Vindicated from the Wit-Combat of Four Esquires, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding*; Printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. v. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

Idem p. 67.

What Oestrum, &c.

Oestrum is only a Greek Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee, or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattel in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

Idem p. 68.

Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Id. Ibid.

*When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members quarrel to espouse.*

The Six Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*; Mr. *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haselrig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late Tumults; but the House voted against the arrest of their Persons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to demand them, but they having Notice withdrew.

Idem p. 70.

Make that Sarcasms Scandal true!

Abusive or insulting had been better, but
our

our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

Idem. p. 74.

*And is indeed the self same Case,
With theirs that swore t' Et cæteras.*

The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy for observing of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to Swear to Articles with &c.

Id. Ibid.

*Or the French League, in which Men vow'd,
To fight to the last drop of Blood.*

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here, was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both Sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters Swore every Man, to run one before

another in the way of Reformation. So did the *French* in the *Holy League*, to fight to the last drop of Bloud.

Canto III. p. 105.

First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd.

Staving and Tailing are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

Idem p. 106.

Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

Pryn, Bastwyck, and Burton, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their Names.

Idem p. 114.

That old Pygmalion, &c.

Pygmalion King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Matgenus* or *Mathres*, whom he succeeded and lived 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido* his Sister was to have Govern'd with him, but it was pretended the

Subjects thought it not convenient; the married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich, wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was Punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

Idem p. 150.

By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James's* time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it That unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Pope's Bull Baited*.

Idem p. 152.

Canonical Crabat of Smec.

Smectymnuus was a Club of 5 Parliamentary Holders-forth, the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves exprest, in that senseless and insignificant word; They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament in the Year 1641, these Five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all Subscrib'd their Names; being *Stephen Marshall, Edmund Cal-*

my, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smeetymnians*. They are Remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, entitul'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the Chast and Endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort; are by these Painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answer'd with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and Rascally Invectives.

Idem p. 156.

*So Cardinals they say do grope
At t'other End the New made Pope.*

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was call'd *John VIII.* *Platina* saith she was of *English* Extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who having Disguis'd her self like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where she made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, she met with few that could equal her, so that on the Death of Pope *Leo IV.* she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with

Child by one of her Domesticks, her Travel came upon her, between the *Colossian* Theatre and St. Clements, as she was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the Place, having Sat two Years, one Month and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this, the Popes decline going through this Street to the Lateran; and, that to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is plac'd in the *Porphyry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the Youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Id. Ibid.

And leave your Vitiligation.

Vitiligation, is a Word the *Knight* was Passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

Idem

Idem p. 161.
Mere Disparata, &c.

Disparata, are things separate and unlike
from the *Latin Word Disparo.*

Some

SOME

Additional ANNOTATIONS
TO THE
FIRST PART.

Canto I. p. 1.
When Civil Dudgeon, &c.

D*udgeon.* Who made the Alterations in the last Editions of this Poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse, and I cannot believe the Author would have chang'd a Word so proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the last Editions; *To take in Dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, a sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to Actual Fury.

Idem p 4.
To make some think him Circumcis'd.

Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment, for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a Profelyte, but for Claps.*

Are thus changed ;

*And truly so, perhaps he was,
'Tis many a Pious Christian's case.*

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and gave a strange Reason why *Moses* impos'd the Law of Circumcision on the *Jews*, which, how untrue soever, I will give the Learned Reader an Account of, without Translation, as I find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend *Mr. William Baxter*, the great Restorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; Quia pelliculâ imminuti sunt : quia Moses Rex Judæorum, cujus Legibus reguntur, negligentia quædam medicinaliter excisus est, & ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem quædam quæ inscitâ Librarii exciderat reposuimus ex conjecturâ, uti & medicinaliter excisus pro medicinalis effectus quæ nihili erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyrâ Quintâ hæc habet; Constat omnia miracula certâ ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.

Idem

Idem p. 6.
Or Cerberus himself, &c.

Cerberus; A Name which Poets gave a Dog with 3 Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, that caref'd the Unfortunate Souls sent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* ty'd him up, and made him follow. This Dog with 3 Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that Heroick Actions are always Victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

Idem p. 7.
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater.

Tycho Brahe, was an Eminent *Danish* Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier's Dictionary*, or elsewhere.

Id. Ibid.
Whatever Sceptick could enquire for.

Sceptick. *Pyrrho* was the chief of Sceptick Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Driso*, and at last the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to see the

Gymno-

Gymnosophists. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom, that there was neither Honesty, nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years Old, was highly Esteemed in his Country, and created Chief Priest. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120 Olympiad. His Followers were called *Pyrrhonians*, besides which they were named the *Ephecticks*, and *Aphoreticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions and moderating their Passions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopathia*, and in suspending their Judgment in regard of Good or Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they called *Epochi*. *Sixtus Empiricus*, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperour *Antoninus Pius*, writ ten Books against the Mathematicians, or Astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is derived from the Greek *αἰνέω* quod est *considerare, speculari*.

Idem p. 8.

*In School Divinity as able
As be that hight Irrefragable, &c.*

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Seraphicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Vossii Etymolog.* *Baillet Jugemens de Scavans*, & *Possevin's Apparatus*.

Idem Ibid.

*A second Thomas, or at once
To name them all, another Duns.*

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224. studied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modell'd the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor* and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John XXII*. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the thirteenth and Beginning of the fourteenth Century. The *English* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The *English* say he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* allege he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called

led *Dunscotus*; *Moreri*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne* *Novemb.* 8th 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary Learned, in *Physicks*, *Metaphysicks*, *Mathematicks*, and *Astronomy*; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures; that when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas's* Doctrine; and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also that an old Punster always call'd him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Id. Ibid.

As tough as Learned Sorbonist.

Sorbon was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis*, by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes

given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the Persuasion of the Learned *Alcuines*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an Extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of the Cardinal *Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*. Those which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Paris*. Spondan. in Annal.

Idem p. 14.

So Learned Taliacotius from.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he Dedicates to his great Master, wherein he not only declares the Methods of his Wonderful Operations, in Restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poeticâ Licentiâ*) has taken this *Simile*.

N

Id.

Id. Ibid.

For as Æneas bore his Sire.

Æneas was Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latins* was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned 3 Years; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneids*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his Aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies: but being too Sollicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Creusa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his Excellent Translation thus expresseth,

Haste, my Dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)

And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.

What e'er befalls, your Life shall be my care

One Death, or one Deliverance we will share.

My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you

My Faithfull Consort, shall our Steps pursue.

Idem

Idem p. 17.

For Arthur wore in Hall.

Who this *Arthur* was , and whether any ever Reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very Day. However, the History of him which makes him one of the Nine Wonders of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be Pleasant upon.

Idem p. 18.

—— *Toledo trusty.*

The Capital City of *New-Castile* in *Spain*, with an Archbishoprick and Primacy : It was very Famous , amongst other things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords , &c. as *Damascus* was , and perhaps may be still.

Idem p. 25.

As three or four-legg'd Oracle.

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

Idem p. 26.

Or Sir Agrippa ——

They who would know more of *Sir Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the great Dictionary.

Id. Ibid.

*He Anthroposophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood.*

Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek Word, which signifies a Man that is Wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by some Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an *English Rosy-Crucian*, whose Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

Idem p. 42.

'Tis sung there is a Valiant Mammaluke.

No Question but the Rhime to *Mammaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel-Luke*; of whom in the Preface. Vid. p. 172. of the foregoing Annotations.

Canto II. p. 46.

*That is to say, whether Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succussation.*

Tollutation and *Succussation*, are only Latin Words for Ambling and Trotting, tho I believe both were natural amongst the Old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their Horses.

The

Idem p. 47.

The dire Pharfalian Plain, &c.

Pharfalia is a City of *Thessaly*, Famous for the Battel won by *Julius Cæsar* against *Pompey* the Great in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607 Year of *Rome*; of which read *Lucan's Pharfalia*.

Idem p. 50.

Chiron, that four-legg'd Bard; &c.

Chiron, a *Centaure* Son to *Saturn* and *Philyris*, lived in the Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the Famousst Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æsculapius*, and was afterwards *Achilles's* Governour, until being Wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius* or the *Archer*.

Id. Ibid.

*In Staffordshire, where Virtuous Worth
Does raise the Ministres, not Birth, &c.*

The whole History of this Ancient Ceremony, you may read at large in *Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire*, under the Town *Tutbury*.

Idem

Idem p. 51.

Grave as the Emperour of Pegu.

**For the History of Pegu, read. Mandelso and
Osparias's Travels.**

Idem p. 52.

In Military Garden Paris.

**Paris Garden in Southwark, took its Name
from the Possessor.**

Idem p. 55.

Though by Promethean Fire made.

Promethean Fire. *Prometheus* was the Son
of *Jupetas*, and Brother of *Atlas*, con-
cerning whom the Poets have feign'd,
that having first formed Men of the
Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Hea-
ven, to put Life into them; and that
having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he
Commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount
Caucasus with Iron Chains, and that a
Vultur should prey upon his Liver conti-
nually; but the Truth of the Story is,
that *Prometheus* was an Astrologer, and
constant in observing the Stars upon that
Mountain, and that among other things,
he found the Art of making Fire, either
by the means of a Flint, or by contract-
ing the Sun Beams in a Glass. *Backart*
will

will have *Magos* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before Sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in those Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Kenselm Digby*, who wrote a Treatise *ex professo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

Idem p. 36.

And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred.

Cossacks are a People that live near *Poland*. This Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for *Casa* or *Kosa* in the *Polish* Tongue, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Laboureur* and *Thuldenus*.

Canto III. p. 141.

*For as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloon's, &c.*

Pantaloon's and *Port-Canons*, were some of the Fantastick Fashions, wherein we Ap'd the *French*.

*At quisquis Insula fatus Britannica,
Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,*

*Ut more finis laboret fingere,
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Ex amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.*

Tho. More.

Gallus is a River of *Phrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and discharging it self into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick. *Pliny, Horrarius.*

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAge 16. l. 10. r. *their*. p. 26. l. 6. r. *That*. l. 14. r. *Rope*.
p. 27. l. 13. r. *Foretel*. p. 40. l. 2. r. *To*. p. 45. l. 11. r. *Valours*. l. 13. r. *Wild*. p. 49. l. 17. r. *Dispose*. l. 18. r. *Knot of Noose*. l. 22. r. *Sonfe*. p. 58. l. 5. r. *Inur'd*. p. 63. l. 5. r. *Re-nown'd*. p. 64. l. 10. r. *Ram*. p. 66. l. 9. r. *Fram*. p. 67. l. 14. r. and. l. 21. d. *we*. p. 69. l. 9. r. *Old Boots and Shoes*. p. 70. l. 2. r. 100. p. 72. r. *twice many*. p. 75. r. *Meazel'd*. p. 84. l. 20. r. *Felt*. p. 88; l. 9. r. *Post*. p. 104. l. 17. r. 100.

HUDIBRAS.

The Second PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended,

With several

Additions & Annotations.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Chiswel, G. Sawbridge,
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The Second PART of
HUDIBRAS.

**The ARGUMENT of the
 FIRST CANTO.**

*The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
 Being cast illegally in Prison;
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Ladies visit,
 And cunningly solicits his fate,
 Which she defers; yet on Parol,
 Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

CANTO I

BUT now, t' observe *Romantick* method
 Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,

A 2

Exchang'd

Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
 To let our Reader breath a while:
 In which that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of *Preface*,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some Mens fancies, shou'd ne'er change,
 But make all People do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
 And *Knights* pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their *Knights* in Fits
 Of Jealousie to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
 Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
 By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.
 Some Force whole Regions in despite
 O' *Geography* to change their site:
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that, which was before come, after.

But

But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
The one *Verse* for the other's sake ;
For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*
And pensive *Squire*, both bruis'd in Body,
And conjur'd into safe Custody :
Tyr'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latin*
As well as basting, and *Bear-baiting*,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force ;
His only Solace was, that now
His dog-bolt Fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend :
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, besides his gues.

There is a tall long-sided Dame,
(But wondrous-light) y'cleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* Boards
Her self on Air, and eats her words :

Upon her Shoulders wings she wears,
 Like hanging-slieves, lin'd through with Ears,
 And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep *Mythologist*.

With these she through the Welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lyes*;
 With Letters hung, like *Eastern Pigeons*,
 And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation

Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
 And by their Publick use to bring down
 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom;
 About her Neck a Paquet-*Male*,

Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to Bed;
 Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets Eggs*,

And *Ruppies* Whelp'd with twice two Legs;
 A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,

By six or seven Men at least:

Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones,

But

But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar *Authors* name
Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.

This twattling *Gossip* knew too well.
What mischief *Hudibras* befel.
And streight the spightful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
Democritus ne'r laugh'd so loud,
To see *Bawds* carted through the crow'd
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she wou'd go see the fight,
And visit the distressed *Knight*.
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Gossip* at his Labour:
And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,
To set at large his Fetter'd-Locks,

And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,
To free him from th' enchanted Mansion,
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood
And Usher, Implements abroad
Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
Young waiting *Dam'sel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout *Squire* in the Pound;
Both coupl'd in enchanted Tether
By farther Leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his Knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either side;
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Clieck by Joul;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's Circle on the sudden,
As *Spirits* do t'a Conjuror,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No

No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But streight he Fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his Head; and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place(quoth she)they say's Enchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,
That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear
Like Persons I have seen somewhere:
Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,
For *Spectres, Apparitions, Ghosts,*
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and some
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,
That give a wrong account of Faces,
That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;

For

For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if t' had lately been in Combat,
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
Discourfing thus uppon his *Beard*,
And fpeak with fuch refpect and honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner,
He thought it beft to fet as good
A Face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he fpoke: Lady Your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The *Beard's* th' Identick *Beard* you knew,
The fame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himfelf.

Oh Heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Difcourfe;
That never fpoke to Man or Beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt.

But

But what malignant Star, alas!

Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,

Than to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*

By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed,

For being honourably maim'd;

If he that is in Battle Conquer'd,

Have any Title to his own *Beard*,

Though yours be forely lugg'd and torn,

It does your visage more adorn,

Than if 'twere prun'd, and starcht, and lander'd,

And cut square by the *Russian* Standard.

A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,

That's bravest which there are most rents in.

That Petticoat about your Shoulders

Does not so well become a Soldier's,

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,

Although i' th' rear, your *Beard* the van led;

And those uneasy bruises make

My Heart for Company to ake,

To

To see so Worshipful a Friend
I th' Pillo'ry set at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the learned *Stoicks* maintain)

Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,

But meerly as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may Feign,

As well in Counterfeiting Pain

As other gross *Phænomena's*,

In which it oft mistakes the Case;

But since th' immortal Intellect

(That's free from Errour and Defect,

Whose objects still persist the same)

Is free from outward bruise or maim,

Which nought external can expose

To gross material bang or blows,

It follows we can ne'er be sure,

Whether we pain or not endure;

And Just so far are fore and griev'd,

As by the Fancy is believ'd:

Some have been wounded with conceit,

And dy'd of meer opinion freight;

Others,

Others, though wounded fore in reason,
Felt no Contusion, nor Discretion;
A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,
That *Mice* (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths, to dwell in
His Postick parts without his feeling;
Then how is't possible a kick
Shou'd e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the *Pangs* his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure;
Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That *Honour's* very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honourable than *scars*,
Or Skin to tatters rent in *Wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a *Cudgel's* of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A Shoe be *Spanish* or *Neat's* Leather;

And

And yet have met, after long running, (ning.
With some whom they have taught that run-
The farthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home;

By *Laws* of learned *Duellists*:

They that are bruised with *Wood*, or *Fists*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultrons*:

But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're *stout* and *gallant* Fellows reckon'd.

Th' old *Romans* freedom did bestow,
Our *Princes* Worship, with a blow;
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenatick
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*
Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd,

And Pardon'd for some great offence
With which he's willing to dispence;
First has him laid upon his *Belly*,

Then beaten *back*, and *side*, t' a *Jelly*;
That done, he rises, humbly bows;

And gives thanks for the Princely blows;

Departs

Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent *Rib-roasting*.

The beaten *Soldier* proves most manful,
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvil*,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable;

But he that fears a *Bastinado*,
Will run away from his own shadow:

And though I'm now in *durance* fast,
By our own *Party* basely cast,

Ransome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worse than by the *Enemy* us'd;

In close *Catasta* shut, past hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:

As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend:

And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:

I'll make this low dejected *Fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, 'Y' have almost made me in Love
With that which did my pity move,

Great

Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
 Th' extream of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
 Like *East* and *West* become the same:
 No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
 More follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
 But if a *Beating* seem so brave,
 What *Glories* must a *Whipping* have?
 Such great *Atchivements* cannot fail
 To cast Salt on a *Woman's Tail*,
 For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
 Of *Passive Courage* were so gallant
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I cou'd grow *Amorous*, and dote.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
 He prick'd up's Ears, and stroak'd his *Beard*,
 Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,
Wines Work when *Vines* are in the Flower;
 This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the *Question*.
Madam. what you wou'd seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the World made out,

How

How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirits*,
And *Magnanimity* I bear it,
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake my self down against you :
And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Argument* use wagers;
And though I prais'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*,
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*;
So Cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As Fire in antique *Roman* Urns,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.

B

Have

Have you not Pow'r to *entertain*,
 And render *Love* for *Love* again?
 As *no Man* can draw in his *breath*
 At once, and force out *Air* beneath?
 Or do you love your self so much,
 To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?
 What *Fate* can lie a greater Curse
 Than you upon your self wou'd force?
 For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say,
 Is but a *Lock* without *Key*.
 It is a kind of *Rape* to marry
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye;
 For what does make it *Ravishment*,
 But bring against the *Minds* *Consent*?
 A *Rape* that is the more inhumane
 For being acted by a *Woman*.
 Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
 To love you, that you may despise us?
 But though you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own *Fanatick* way,
 why shou'd you not, at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too?

Fo

For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
 And am by your own *Doctrine* taught;
 To practice what you call a *fault*.

Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay be true,
 You muſt fly me, as I do you;
 But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
 In *Love* and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,
 Is to forbid my *pulſe* to move,
 My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:
 Command me to piſs out the Moon,
 And 'till as eaſily be done.

Love's power's too great to be withſtood
 By feeble humane *Fleſh* and *Blood*.

'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The *Heſſing* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
 Reduc'd his *Leager-lion's* ſkin

T' a *Petticoat*, and made him ſpin;
 Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
 T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*:

B 2

'Twas

'Twas he made *Emperors* Gallants
 To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts*;
 Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,
 To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:
 'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,
 And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgefs*;
 Made those that represent the *Nation*
 Submit, and suffer *Amputation*,
 And all the *Grandees* of th' *Cabal*
 Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.
 He mounted *Synod* men and rode 'em
 To *Durty-Lane*, and *littile Sodom*;
 Made 'em corvet, like *Spanish* *Jenets*,
 And take the *Ring* at *Madam*—
 'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
 More than the *Dev'l* could tempt him to,
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamour'd of a *Wife* of *Snow*,
 And though she were of *Rigid* temper,
 With melting *flames* accost and tempt her;
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a *Garland* on his *Engrodes*.

Quoth

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *Diabolical* and wicked?
And Sung, as out of Tune, against;
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the *Saints*?
I find I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
Of *Love's* great Pow'r, which he returns
Upon your selves with equal scorns;
And those, who worthy *Lovers* flight,
Plague's with prepos't'rous Appetite:
This made the Beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her Sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:
Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the *Dev'l* himself in League grow,
By's Representative a *Negro*:

B 3

Twas

'Twas this that made *Vestal*-Maids love-sick,
And venture to be burid Quick.

Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Mistresses* and *Mothers*:

'Tis this that Proudest *Dames* enamours
On Lacquies, *Varlets de Chambers*,
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty *Grooms*,
To slight the *World*, and to disparage
Clips, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust Men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *faith* and *secrecie* in *love*:

Says he, There is as weighty reason
For *Secrecie* in *Love* as *Treason*.
Love is a *Burglar* a *Felon*,
That at the *Window-eye* does steal in
To rob the *Hearts*, and with his *Prey*
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.

Love

Love is a Fire that burns and sparkles
In Men as nat'rally as in Charcoals,
Which sooty Chymists stop in holes,
When out of Wood they extract Coals;
So Lovers shou'd their Passions choak,
That though they burn they may not smoak,
Tis like that sturdy Thief that stole
And drag'd Beasts backwards into's-hole:
So Live does Lovers; and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his Cave the weary Lover.
But if you doubt I shou'd reveal
What you entrust me under Seal,
I'll prove my self as close and vertuous
As your own Secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-Passions are like Parables,
By which Men still mean something else:
Though Love be all the World's pretence,
Money's the Mythologick sence.

The real substance of the shadow
Which all Address and Courtship's made to.
Thought he, I understand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his *Dame* must do
As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,
With one hand thrust the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,
That makes *Loves* Rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That buds and blossoms at Fourscore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*
At their own Weapons are outdone:
That makes *Knight-Errant* fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
That *Men Divine* and *Sacred* call;
For what is *Worth* in any thing,
But so much *Money* as 'twill bring?

Or

Or what but *Riches* is there known,
 Which Man can solely call his own;
 In which no Creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh*?
 I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*
 I'd have a Wife at second hand;
 And such you are: Nor is't your Person
 My stomachs set so *sharp* and *fierce* on,
 But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
 Let me your Fortunes but possess,
 And settle your Person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in *trust* to th' Devil,
 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false *Mock-Passion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,
 Or any feat of *Qualm*, or *Swooning*,
 But *hanging* of your self, or *drowning*;
 Your only way with me to *break*
 Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck;
 For as when *Merchants* break, o'er thrown
 Like *Nine-pins*, they strike others down;

So that wou'd break my *heart*, which done,
 My tempting *Fortune* is your own.
 These are but trifles ev'ry *Lover*
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy *Mistress* sake:
 Yet th' are the only ways to prove
 Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *Love*;
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
 The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's to rough
 For mere *experiment*, and *proof*;
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,
 [To swing in the Air, or dounce in Water,
 And, like a Water-witch, try *love*
 That's to destroy and not to prove:
 As if a Man shou'd be dissected,
 To find what part is disaffected,
 Your better way is to make over
 In *trust*, your *Fortune* to your *Lover*;
Trust is a *Trial*, if it break,
 'Tis not so desperate as a *Neck*:

Beside,

Beside, th' *experiment's* more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldiers does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the Week) for six-pence pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in 'Cheating Fools:
And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for gain,
This is the way I'dvise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I shou'd be loth to run
My self all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours aforesaid do precede;
Give but your self one gentle *swing*
For tryal and I'll cut the *string*
Or give that Rev'rend *Head* a *knall*,
Or two, or three, against a *Wall*,
To shew you are Man of metal,
And I'll engage my self to *settle*.

Quoth he, my *Head's* not made of *brass*,
As Friar *Bacon's* Noddle was;

Non

Nor (like the *Indian's* Scull) so tough,
 That, *Authors* say, 'twas *Musket-proof* :
 As it had need to be to enter
 As yet on any new *Adventure*;
 You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,
 That would before new *feats* be cas'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose, *Two words t' a Bargain*,
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given down right proof,
 And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pique,
 I have to *love*, nor coy *dislike*;
 'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*
 T' your *Conversation*, *Mien*, or *Person*,
 But a just fear lest you shou'd prove
 False and perfidious in *Love* :
 For if I thought you cou'd be *true*,
 I cou'd *love* twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as *Adamantine*,
 As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain

True

True

True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
Or *Oracle* from heart of *Oak*;
And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me, but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigmye*,
The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, shake off my heart;
The *Sun* that shall no more dispence
His own, but *your* bright influence;
I'll carve your Name on *Barks* of *Trees*,
With *True-loves-knots*, and *Flourishes*;
That shall infuse *Eternal Spring*,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stam*,
And make it brisk *Campaign* become;
Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *Odours*;
Nature her *Charter* shall renew,
And take all *live* of things from you;

The

The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, dye.
Only our *Loves* shall still survive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like to *Herald's* Moons, remain
All *Crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss:
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*
To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,
In which your *Mastery of Art*
Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart*:
Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* fustion:
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
And what Men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian-Spices* strive
T'embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *season* her, as *French Cooks* use
Their *Haut-gasts*, *Boullies*, or *Ragusts*;

Use

Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her Mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with
A row of *Pearl* in't stead of *Teeth*;
Others make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red* and *whitest* Colours mix;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.
The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,
Are but *Black-patches* that she wears
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:
By which *Astrologers*, as well
As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell
What strange Events they do foreshow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud, it deafens mortal Ears;
As wise *Philosophers* have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.

This

This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in *Rhime* wou'd kick in *Prose*;
 And in those *Ribbons* wou'd have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung:
 That have the hard *fate* to write best
 Of those still that deserve it least;
 It matters not how *false*, or *forc'd*,
 So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst*;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,
 Whether it be a *Swan* or *Goose*
 They level at: So *Shepherds* use
 To set the same *mark* on the *hip*
 Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*:
 For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
 Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*
 The *mark*, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry,
 But I do wonder you shou'd chuse
 This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With *Fulbams* of *Poetick fiction*:

I rather hop'd I shou'd no more
Hear from you o'th' *Gallanting* score:
For hard *dry-bastings* use to prove
The readiest Remedies of *Love*,
Next a *dry-diet*: But if those fail,
Yet this uneasie Loop-hol'd *Gaol*
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *fetlock*,
Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wed-lock*;
Wedlock that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;
T' allay your *Metal*, all agog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.
Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from those *knobs* that grow
Much harder on the Marry'd *Brow*:
But if no dread can cool your *Courage*,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims your *Puissance*:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

C

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
 In that already with your Command:
 For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*
 But in your *Constellation* meet?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,
 But *likeness* and *equality*?

I know you cannot think me fit,
 To be th' *Toke-fellow* of your *Wit*:
 Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
 To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;
 A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,
 I've not the *Conscience* to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Case*:
 A Man may be a *Legal Donor*
 Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*;
 And may confer it where he lists,
 I' th' Judgment of all *Casuits*:
 Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
 Be ali'nate, and made away
 By those that are *Proprietors*,
 As I may give, or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you;
whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or sell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How shall I answer *Hue* and *Cry*
For a *Road-Gelding* twelve Hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Lack* on's hoof,
A-*forrel-mane*; can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what h' were
And in the open *Market* toll'd for? (fold for,
Or shou'd I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a Year and Day
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.
Quoth he, It stands me much upon
To *enervate* this *Objection*,
And prove my self by *Topick* clear
No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.

(Mysterious Veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre, and her shade)
And in the 'Lanthorn of the Night,
With shining Horns hung out her Light:
For Darkness is the proper Sphere
Where all false Glories use t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre.
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it best t' adjourn
His *Whipping*-penance till the Morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of such *importance* in the Dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open Face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in quest
Of next *Retreat* to take his Rest.

The

And growing down t' a Man was wont
 With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from *Tails*,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 Till you explain your self, and show
 B' experiment 'tis so or no

Quoth he, If you'll joyn Issue on't,
 I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
 To one that wants a *Tail* by me :
 For *Tails* by Nature sure were meant,
 As well as *Beards*, for Ornament ;
 And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
 In *Man* or *Beast* they are so comely,
 So *Jantee*, *Alamode*, and Handsome,
 I'll never Marry *Man* that wants one:
 And 'till you can demonstrate plain,
 You have one equal to your *Mame*,
 I'll be torn peace-meal by a *Horse*,
 E'er I'll take you for better or worse

The *Prince* of *Cambay's* daily food
Is *Aspe*, and *Basilisk*, and *Toad*;
Which makes him have so strong a *Breath*,
Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's *Arms*
Than yours, on any other *terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I shall produce upon my *Word*;
And if she ever gave that *boon*
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *postulate Illation*,
When you shall offer just *Occasion*;
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a *Reprieve*,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor *Entertainer quarter*;
And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prise* grant
Delivery from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your *Leg*
Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,

And

And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *Honour* safe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Goal-delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been set free,
When by *Enchantments* they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* else,
But aiding of distressed *Damofels*?
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant
In any *Authenticall Romance*,
Or *Classick Author* yet of *France*:
And I'd be loth to have you break
An *Ancient Custom* for a freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In place of things of *Antick* use;
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I shou'd consent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do;

For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous Ceremony.
Which always has been us'd to untie
The *Charms* of those who here do lie;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honour's Temple* had no door,
But that which thorough *Vertue's* lay;
So from this *Dungeon* there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other *Vertuous* School of *Lashing*,
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
And for their *Ladies* suffer *Pennance*:
Whipping, that's *Vertue's* Governess,
Tutress of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
And all the honours of the *Gown*:
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honour'ble discharge:

Then

Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*
Are streight presented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magistrates* of ev'ry Town;
And all respect, and charges paid,
They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my sake
To try the toughness of your *back*,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on,
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage my self to loose ye,
And free your *heels* from *Caperdewfie*.
But since our *Sex's* modesty
Will not allow I shou'd be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *Honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?

What

What med'cine else can cure the *fits*
 Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* styl'd,
 Then Spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.

A *Persian* Emp'rour whip'd his Grandam
 The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
 And hence some Rev'rend Men approve
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
 As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*
 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good
 A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
 With comely movement, and by *Art*,
 Raise Passion in a *Lady's* heart?
 It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
 Who wou'd not rather suffer *Whipping*,
 Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribon*?
 Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
 And spell Names over with *Beer-glasses*?
 Be under Vows to bang and die
Love's Sacrifice, and all a lye?

With

With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, 'lay baits for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Money*,
To break no Roguish *jest*s upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
With painted *Perfumes*, hazard *Noses*?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do Pennance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for now
By suffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done:
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so
For the *Infanta Del Toboso*?
Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make
Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake?
And with Bull's-pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove*?
Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Patbick* bum
For her sake suffer *Martyrdom*?

Did

Did not a certain *Lady* whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordship?
And though a Grandee of the *House*,
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* blows,
Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,
And fix'd his Hide as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the *Sessions Court*,
Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had *honour* for't?
This *swear* you will perform, and then
I'll fet you from th' *Inchanted Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen, (quoth she,) Then turn'd about,
And bid her '*Squire* let him out.
But e'er an *Artist* cou'd be found
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by *Ladies Eyes*.
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her Face by day from sight,
Mysterious

Loss of *Virility's* averr'd
To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This first a *Woman* did invent,
In envy of *Man's* Ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who first of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
Of *Sow-geldering* Operation.
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs were such, or *Geldings* either.
Next it appears I am no *Horse*,
That I can argue, and discourse,
Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*,
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some *Philosophers* of late here
Write, Men have four Legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
Erron'ously upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
B' a Boy that lost himself in a *Wood*;

And

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Allarm, and stranger sight;
ith which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

CANTO. II.

TIS strange how some Men's Tempers
(suit
(Like *Bawl* and *Brandee*) with Dispute,
That for their own *Opinions* stand fast,
Only to have claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their *Conſciences* in Caſes,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent.
To play a Fit for *Argument*.

by

Make

Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,
Of no use but to be discust.
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
Like a straight Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tally*.
So th' Ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch
With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in fight and study,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Benue* is an *Animal*,
Made good with stout *Polemick* braul:
In which, some hundreds on the place
Where slain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their Faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the *sequel* shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,

And

And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsie Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the Deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And after many Circumstances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Description,
They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *whipping* Duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the Work in earnest,
He stop't and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a Serious forehead plodding,
Sprung

Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, If I shou'd wave this *swinging*,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' *Equivocation* swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtil *points*, which must,
T' inform my Conscience, be discust.
In which to *err* a tittle may
To *errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy *Judgmtnt* e'er we farther go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't
I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.
And for my own part do not doubt
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out,
But first to *state* the *Case* aright,
For best advantage of our Light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *Sin*
To *claw* and *curry* your own *Skin*

D

Greater,

Greater, or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn, forswear.
But first, o' th' first: *The Inward Man,*
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*;
Have always been at Daggers-drawing:
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a *Spiritual Mystick* sense,
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray's abominable;
Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*:
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Plots*,
And mungril *Christians* of our times,
That exp'ate less with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough we' are bruise'd and kicked
With sinful *Members* of the wicked;
Our Vessels, that are *sanctify'd*,
Profan'd and *curry'd*, back and side;

But

But we must claw our selves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is *impious* because they did it.
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A *Heinous Sin*. Now to the second,
 That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
 To *swear* and *for swear*, on Occasion;
 I doubt not, but it will appear
 With pregnant light. The *point* is clear:
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
 Too feeble implements to *bind*;
 And hold with *deeds* proportion, so
 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
 Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit
 The *Weaker Vessel* shou'd submit:
 Although your *Church* be opposite
 To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,
 In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant
 You are a *Reformado Saint*;
 And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
 You may pretend a *Title* to:

D 2

But

But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige;
Know little of their *Privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* shou'd scorn,
When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,
I think there's little reason why:
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say;
'W' are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to *swear*,
But to *swear* idly, and in vain,
Without self interest or gain,
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint like vertue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.

Was not the *Cause* at first begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter *models* for
The present use of *Church* and *War*?
Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, first, from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac^y-Oath*:
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
To take and break the *Protestation*?
To *swear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first to *fight*
For the *KING'S Safety*, and His *Right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot*;

D ;

Bu

But yet still had the confidence,
To swear, it was in His *defence*?
Did they not swear to *live* and *dye*
With *Essex*, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have *swore*
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not *swear* to maintain *Law*,
In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?
For *Protestant Religion Vow*,
That did that *Vowing* disallow?
For *Privilege of Parliament*,
In which that *swearing* made a *Rent*?
And since of all the *three* not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *swear*, in express words,
To prop and back the *House of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *House-full*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out of th' *House*,
Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* would disband,
Ay marry would they, at their *Command*.
And

And troll'd them on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door* :

This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an *Expedient* :

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to slur Men of what they fought for ?

The *Publick Faith* which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Shou'd *Private Faith* have such a tie ?

Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like *Moral Cattle* in a *Pinfold* :

A *Saint's* of th' Heavenly Realm a *Peer*,
And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,
But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,
Of which he may dispose, as *Owner* ;
It follows, though the thing be *forg'ry* ;
And false, th' affirm, it is no *perj'ry*,

But a mere *Ceremony*, and breach
 Of nothing but a form of Speech;
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than meer *saluting* of the Book.
 Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,
 They 're but *Commissions* of Course,
 And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
 And vary from 'em as they please;
 Or mis-interpret them by *private*
Instructions to all *Aims* they drive at:
 Then why should we our selves *abridge*;
 And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear
 Their light within 'em) will not *swear*.
 Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
 By which they construe *Conscience*,
 And hold no *sin* so deeply *red*,
 As that of breaking *Priscian's* Head,
 (The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
 That stirring *Hats* held worse than murder.)
 These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Trot*
 In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;

Like

Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Consciences* may do.

'Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the same things by
The *Spirit*, in Sincerity,

Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.

For as on Land there is no *Beast*,
But in some *Fish* at Sea's exprest,
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.

Is't not *ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,
A *Saint* shou'd be a slave to *Conscience*?
That ought to be above such Fancies,
As far as above *Ordinances*.

She's

She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress*,
 And though like *Constables*, we search
 For *Falſe Wares* one another's *Church* :
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due ;
 For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
 Too rich a *Pearl* for *carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
 Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
 Theſe *Mysteries* and *Revelations* ;
 And therefore *Topical* *Evaſions*
 Of ſubtil *Turns*, and *Shifts* of *Senſe*,
 Serve beſt with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
 Such as the learned *Jefuits* uſe,
 And *Presbyterians*, for excuse
 Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th' happen
 To find their *Churches* taken napping :
 As thus : A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
 And either way admits a *ſcruple*,
 And many be *ex parte* of th' *Maker*
 More criminal than th' injur'd *Taker*.

For he that strains too far, a *Vow*,
Will break like an o'er-bent *Bow* :
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, *quat 'nus Oath*,
As found t' all purposes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force,
What's *Justice* to a Man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their *Claws*?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot control, coerce or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
By Men in *Prison* made for Good;
For when they're set at *liberty*,
They're from th' *Engagement* too set free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;

Any

Any three other *Jews* of th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,
A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conscience*, which in *Man*
Shou'd be *supreme* and *sovereign*,
It's fit should be *subordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *State*,
And have less Power than the *lesser*,
To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure?
Have its *Proceedings* disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py powder*?
Tell all it does or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*.
Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,
Priests, *Witches*, *Eve-droppers*, and *Nusance*;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help it self at a dead list?

Why

Why shou'd not *Conscience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*:
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a Case, as those that carve
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
Why shou'd not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' *High-Court of Justice* sworn
To judge that Law that serve their *turn*?
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the *Learned Council* there
Make Laws in any shape appear?
Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to doe harm?
Rack 'em untill they do confess,
Impeach of Treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?

And

And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right*;
 And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear
 As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?
 Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
 The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge;
 As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*
 Will sev'ral different courses sail;
 As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Screen*
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:
 So when *Tyrannick Usurpation*
 Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
 The *Laws* o' th' Land that were intended
 To keep it out, and made t' defend it.
 Does not in *Chancery* ev'ry Man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*
 A nipping more than half the business?

b.A

For

For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow.
And where in *Conscience* th' are strait lac'd,
"Tis ten to one that side is east.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it?
And as they please *Make matter of Fact*
Run all on one side, as th' are pack't?
Nature has made Man's breast no *Windores*
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a Man no good,
In his own bus'ness why they shou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for't:
He that imposes an *Oath* makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said,
To break an *Oath* he never made;
These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, though th' evince the *Godly*;

But

But if they will not serve to clear
 My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy Bubble
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly
 And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
 To swear by only in a *Lord*:
 In other men 'tis but a Huff,
 To vapour with instead of proof,
 That like a *Wen*, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth) he be what it will
 It has the *World's* opinion still.
 But as Men are not *Wise* that run
 The slightest *hazard* they may shun:
 There may a *Medium* be found out
 To clear to all the *World* the doubt;
 And that is, if a Man may do't,
 By *Proxy* whipt, or *Substitute*.

Though mee and dark the point appear,
 (Quoth *Ralpho*) it may hold up and clear.

THE

That

That *Sinners* may supply the place
 Of suffering *Saints*, is a plain *Case*.
Justice gives *Sentence* many times
 On one Man for another's *Crimes*.
 Our *Bretheren* of *New-England* use
 Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,
 And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,
 Of whom the *Churches* have less need :
 As lately happen'd in a Town
 There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
 That out of *Dôctrine* could cut *Use*,
 And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.
 This precious *Brother* having slain
 In times of *Peace* an *Indian*,
 (Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,
 Because he was an *Infidel*)
 The mighty *Tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*
 Of *League*, held forth by *Brother Patch*,
 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours.

For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender* :

But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)

Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
 The *Indian Hogbgay Moghgantoo*
 Impartial Justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bedrid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd;
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*;
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,
 And canst in *Conscience* not refuse
 From thy own *Doctrine* to raise *Use* :
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be tender-Conscienc'd of thy back :
 Then strip thee of thy *Carnal Jerkin*,
 And give thy *outward-fellow* a flogging.

For when thy *Vessel* is new *haop'd*,

All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter,

For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,

No Man includes himself, nor turns

The *Point* upon his own Concerns.

As no Man of his own self catches

The *Itch*, or amorous *French aches* :

So no Man does himself convince

By his own *Doffrine* of his *Sins* :

And tho' all cry down *self*, none means

His own self in a *lit'ral Sense* :

Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,

But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,

For one Man out of his own Skin,

To firk and whip another's *Sin* :

As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches

Do claw and curry their own Itches.

But in this Case it is prophane,

And sinful too, because in vain ;

For we must take our *Oaths* upon it

You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you :
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averse themselves to do :
For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,
'Tis *Int'rest* still resolves the doubt :
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty* ;
For so it is, how e'er you mince it,
As e'er we part I shall ovince it ;
And *curry* (if you stand out) whether
You will or no your *stubborn Leather*.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,
I' th' publick *Work*, base as thou art ?
To higgles thus for a few blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an' op'lent *Sponse*;

Whose

Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchase,
 Meerly for th' Int'rest of the *Churches* ;
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*,
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve before we go,
 That you and I must pull a *Crow*.

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
 Say wisely, *Have a care of th' main chance*,
And look before you e'er you leap ;
For as you sow you're like to reap ;
 And werey' as good as *George a Green*,
 I shall make bold to turn agen ;
 Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*
 In a just *Quarrel* ; and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a *Man of Honour*
 To whip the *Saints* like *Bishop Bonner* ?
 A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadle's Office* ;
 For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies* ;
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear,

And for the *Church's*, which may chance
 From hence to spring a variance ;
 And raise among themselves new *Scraps*,
 Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
 Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
 We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*;
Trepann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
 And took your *Grandees* down a peg;
New-moddell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
 All that to *Legion S M E C* adher'd ;
 Made a mere *Utenal* of your *Church*,
 And after left it in the lurch,
 A Scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;
 O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
 (Grave *Synod-men*, that were rever'd
 For solid *Face* and depth of *Beard*)
 Their *Glassick Model* prov'd a *Maggot*,
 Their *Directry* an *Indian Paged*
 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a *Kitten*,
 On which th' had been so long a sitting ;

Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
 Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
 And all the *Saints* of the first Grasse,
 As Castling *Feals* of *Bal'am's Ass*,
 At this the *Knight* grew high in Chase,
 And staring fur'ously on *Ralph*,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,
 Like *Asbes* first, then Red as Fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in fight,
 And for so many *Moons* lain by't;
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
 Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*,
 Much more consid'able and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear,
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
 An upstart *Self'ry* and a *Mungrel*;
 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own *Church*, like Wens, and Tumours;
 And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour,

It never shall be done, nor said :
 With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade* ;
 And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold;
 Upon his *Basket bilt* laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd
 To draw, and stand upon his Guard :
 When both were parted on the sudden
 With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of *Noise* had bin
 Contracted into one loud *Din* ;
 Or that some Member to be chosen,
 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand* ;
 And by the greatness of his noise
 Prov'd fittest for his *Countries* choice :
 This strange surprizal put the *Knight*
 And wrathful *Squire* into a fright ;
 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
 Impetuous rancour to join *Battel* ;
 Both thought it was their wisest course
 To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse* ;
 And to secure by swift retreating
 Themselfes from danger of worse beating.

Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys* :
 And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*
 Sound like the hooping of a *Tub* :
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antick Show,
 A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp* and *State*
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate ;
 For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
 For Foes at Training overcome,
 And not enlarging *Territory*,
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*.)
 Being mounted in their best Array,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they ?
 And follow'd with a World of Tall-*Lads*,
 That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,

Did ride with many a good morrow,
 Crying, *hey for our Town, thro' the Burrough;*
 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so Pat
 In all respects, as this, and that.
 First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,
 Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellat*,
 On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
 As well-fee'd *Lawyer*, on his *Breviate*,
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*.
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all Keys,
 From *Trebles* down to *double Base*.
 And after them upon a *Nag*,
 That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A *Coronet* rode, and on his Staff
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave :
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,

And made a viler noise than *Swine*
In windy weather when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*,
Which he dispens'd among the *Swains*,
And busily upon the Crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horse*
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-spurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*
He held reverse, the point turn'd downward.
Next after on a raw-bon'd *Steed*
The Conq'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* display'd, and *Rampant*;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sat *Face to Tail*, and *Bum to Bum*,
The *Warriour* whilome overcome ;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
Which as he rode she made him twist off ;

76 C A N T O II.

And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier,
Before the *Dame*, and round about,
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
In fit and proper Equipages ?
Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some *Links*,
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous shout.
The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire ;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *An'madversions* for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er saw so prophane a *Show*.

It is a *Paganish* invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention :

And he who made it had read *Goodwin*
Or *Rofs*, or *Calius Rhodigine* :
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds*, and *Stows*,
That best describe those Ancient Shows ;
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*
We find describ'd by old *Histor'ans* :
For as a *Roman Conquerour*,
That put an end to foreign *War*,
Ent'ring the *Town* in *Triumph* for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his *Char'ot* :
So this insulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here a *Slave*,
And, as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in *Field* defid the *Foe*,
Hung out their *Mantles' Della Guer* ;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here
Waves on his *Spear*, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for *Banner* :
Next *Links*, and *Torches*, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperour* ;
And as in *Antick Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for mystical intrigues ;

There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,
 That carries *Eggs* too, fresh or addle;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;
 For all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
 Is but a *Riding* us'd of course,
 When the *Grey Mare's* the better *Horse*;
 When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,
 And in the cause Impatient *Grizel*
 Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,
 And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
 To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain*;
 When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
 And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*
 And they, in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,
 Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
 And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,
 Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;
 For when Men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
 Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st Sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense;
 'Tis not the least disparagement,
 To be defeated by th' event;
 Nor to be beaten by main force,
 That does not make a *Man* the worse,
 Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*
 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;
 A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
 But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
 And without blows give up the Day;
 Or to surrender e'er th' *Affault*,
 That's no Man's Fortune but his fault,
 And renders Men of *Honour* less
 Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Success;
 And only unto such this Shew
 Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.
 There is a lesser *Profanation*,
 Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*;
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd
 For *Conquest*, purchas'd without blood,

So

So Men decree those lesser Shows,
 For *Vid'ry* gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give *Battel* with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking stool*,
 March proudly to the River's side,
 And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said
 The *Adriatick Sea* to wed;
 And have a gentler *Wife*, than those
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
 But both are *Heathenish*, and come
 From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*,
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
 And we as such should now contribute
 Our utmost *strugling* to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd and rode
 A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach him *breast to breast*:
 Then

Then *Hudibras* with Face and Hand
 Made signs for *Silence*; which obtain'd.
 What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's *Procession*
 With Men of *Orthodox* profession?
 'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,
 From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore 'of *Bab'lon* ride
 Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
 Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
 A Type of her, or she of this?
 Are things of *Superstitious function*
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
 Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;
 A running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholden.
 Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
 Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
 In which the *Cause* might be concern'd,

Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols* :
 Their Husbands, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
 To take the *Saints* and *Church's* parts ;
 Drew sev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
 That for the *Bishops* would have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,
 With motives *powerful* and *heartly* :
 Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their *Gifts*
 All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of Gold and Silver ;
 Rubb'd down the *Teacher*, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for *Parliament* ;
 Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal ;
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted *Points* to eat ;
 And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
 With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plumb-cake*.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the *Cause* at *London* ?

March'd

March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
 T' entrench the *City* for defence in ?
 Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own lost hands,
 To put the Enemy to stands ;
 From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-Wenches*
 Labour'd like *Pionters* in *Trenches*,
 Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
 And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles* ?
 Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*
 Chose of their Members a *Committee*,
 For raising of a *Common-Purse*
 Out of their Wages to raise *Horse* ?
 And do they not as *Triers* sit
 To judge what *Officers* are fit ?
 Have they--- ? At that an *Egg* let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the *Eye*,
 And running down his *Cheek*, besmear'd
 With *Orange-tawny-slime* his *Beard* ;
 But *Beard* and *Slime* being of one *Hue*,
 The wound the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode
 Let fly on th' other side a load ;

And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho's* Face another *Volley*.

The *Knight* was startled with the smell,
And for his *Sword* began to feel :

And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his ; when one that bore a *Link*,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's tauch-hole ;

And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damnd blow.

The *Beasts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.

Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther fray ;

And though disorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his Seat :

For quitting both their *swords* and *reins*,

They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes* ;

And to avoid the *Foe's* pursuit,

With spurring put the Cattel to't ;

And till all four were out of wind,

And danger too ne'er look'd behind.

After

After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their *Spirits*, spent with fight and flying,
 And *Hudibras* recruited force
 Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Discourse*.

Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,
 That fouls his *Hands* with dirty Foes :
 For where no *Honour's* to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishon'rabable a Foe :
 For though the *Law of Arms* doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in *War*,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
 Their *Cafe-shot* savours strong of *poison* ;
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a *stinking breath* :
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush.
 But as those *Pultroons* that fling dirt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
 So all the *Honour* they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.

'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave Retreat, without pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in Triumph led;
 Than which the *Ancients* held no state
 Of Man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
 Do chance to reach the *Widow's* ear
 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
 Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.
 And as such homely Treats (they say)
 Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
Vespasian being dawb'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
 And from a Scavenger did come
 To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
 And why may not this foul Address
 Prefage in Love the same success?
 Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
 And after (as we first *design'd*)
 Swear I've perform'd what I have enjoyn'd.

The ARGUMENT of the THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight, with various doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Destinies resolution ;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Astrologick,
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.*

C A N T O III.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
As Lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a Jugler's slight ;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire the slight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasie light,
 Are snapt as Men catch *Larks* by night;
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
 As nooses by the legs catch *Fowl*.
 Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
 Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait* ;
 And though it be a two foot *Trout*,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
 Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ* ;
 So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar gown*;
 Until with subtil *Cobweb* cheats,
 Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets* :
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their *Purses* can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The Cabinet-designs of *Fate*,
 Apply to *Wizards* to fore-see
 What shall, and what shall never be.
 And, as those *Vultures* do fore-boad,
 Believe events prove *bad*, or *good*.

A flamm more senseless than the Rog'ry
 Of old *Aruspicy* and *Aug'ry*,
 That out of *Garbages* of *Cattel*,
 Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battel*
 From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,
 Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon;
 Though *Cbeats*, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
 This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew :
 For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
 B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen,
 (And *Ralpho* got a cock-horse too
 Upon his *Beast* with much' ado,)
 Advanc'd on for the *Widow's House*,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;
 When various *thoughts* began to bustle,
 And with his inward *Man* to juggle.
 He thought what *danger* might accrue :
 If she should find he *swore* untrue :
 Or, if his *Squire* or he should fail,
 And not be punct'al in their *Tale* ;

It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his *Honour, Faith, and Love.*
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow* :
 And that he durst not now for shame
 Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.

This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
 To pass *Time* and uneasy *Trot*.

Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,
 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*.
 Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
 And with inextricable doubt,
 Besets my puzzled *Wits* about :
 For though the *Dame* has been my bail
 To free me from enchanted *Gaal*,
 Yet as a *Dog*, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his *Clog* ; but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his *Chain* ;
 So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,
 My *Heart* continues still committed,

And like a *Bail'd* and *Main-priz'd* Lover,
 Although at large I am bound over.
 And when I shall appear in Court
 To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,
 Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,
 What will become of *Me* and *Love* ?
 For if in our Account we vary,
 Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry ;
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my *Doublet* off
 To shew by evident Record
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurr'd unto her favour ;
 But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post* ?
 Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
 What I'm to prove by *Argument* ;
 And justifie I have a *Tail*,
 And that way too, my *proof* may fail,
 Oh ! that I could enucleate,
 And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate* ;

Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
 How far the *Destinies* take my part;
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win, and wear her, and her *Fortune*,
 I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,
 To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *VVorship*,
 For though an *Oath* obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 As (thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
 And *sinful*, when Men swear in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning Man, hight *Sidrophel*,
 That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,
 And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* tells;
 To whom all *People* far and near,
 On deep importances repair;
 When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
 And *Linen* slinks out of the way:
 When *Geese* and *Pullen*, are seduc'd,
 And *Sows* of Sucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
 When *Cattel* feel Indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of *Physician*;

When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
 When *Teast* and outward means do *fail*,
 And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,
 And *Love* proves *cross* and *humoursome*;
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
 They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the *Saints* have freedom
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
 Those *Principles* I quoted late,
 Prove that the *Godly* may allege
 For any thing their *Privilege*;
 And to the *Dev'l* himself may go,
 If they have *motives* thereunto.
 For as there is a *VVar* between
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
 It they by subtil *Stratagem*
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.

Has not this present *Parlament*
 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully empow'r'd to treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out?
 And has not he within a year
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some for sitting above ground
 Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some for putting *Knavish* tricks
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turky-Chicks*,
 Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a Rod for his own breech.
 Did not the Devil appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
 And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
 At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church*?

Sing

Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him ?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly* ?
 And speak i'th' *Nun* at *London's Belly* ?
 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
 At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal Treaty ?
 At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
 I' th' *Cause's* service *Prisoner*.
 As *Withers* in immortal Rhime
 Has register'd to after-time :
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophet* to fore-boad *News* :
 To write of *Victories* next year,
 And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air* ?
 Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*
 Sunk two years hence, the last *Eclipse* ?
 A Total overthrow giv'n the *King*
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring* ;
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'er the close *Committee* would :
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws* ?

The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
 Against the Book of *Common-Pray'r*;
 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
 Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
 Compound, and take the *Covenant*?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,
 The *Saints* m' employ a *Conjurer*;
 As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*,
 No *Argument* like matter of fact is,
 And we are best of all led to
 Mens *Principles* by what they do;
 Then let us straight advance in quest
 Of this profound *Gymnosophist*,
 And as the *Fates* and *he* advise,
 Pursue, or wave this *Enterprize*.
 This said, he turn'd about his Sreed,
 And estsoons on th' adventure rid,
 Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
 And to th' *Conjurer* turn our style,
 To let our *Reader* understand
 What's useful of him, before-hand.

He

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks Philosophy, and *Statics*,
Magick, *Horoscopia*, *Astrologie*,
 And was *old Dog* at *Physiologie*;
 But, as a *Dog* that turns the Spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
 To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
 His own Weight brings him down again:
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was.
 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*
 Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;
 Till falling back still for retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:
 For as those *Fowls* that live in Water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter;
 What e'er he labour'd to appear
 His understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bob Grosted*.
 The *Intelligible World* he knew,
 And all Men dream on't, to be true:
 G That

That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
 That has not there a Counterpart ;
 Nor can there on the *face* of ground
 An Individual *Beard* be found,
 That has not in that Foreign *Nation*
 A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
 So *cut*, so *colour'd* and so *curl'd*,
 As those are in the *Inferiour World*.
 H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before,
 The *Dev'l* and *Euclide* o'er and o'er ;
 And all th' *Intregues* 'twixt him and *Kelly's*
Lescus and the *Emperour* would not tell ye ;
 But with the *Moon* was more familiar
 Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*.
 Her secrets understand so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there ;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood,
 For cutting *corns*, or letting *Blood* ;
 When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
 Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;
 When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spav'd
 And in what Sign best *Cider's* made ;
 Whether

Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*.
Who first found out the *Man i' the Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land;
What factionsth' have, and what they drive at
In publick *Vogue*, and what in private;
With what *Designs* and *Interests*
Each *Party* manages *Contests*.
He made an *Instrument* to know
If the *Moon* shine at full or no,
That would, as soon as e'er shone she straght
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her *D' amètre* t' an inch is,
And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*.
It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
And that it is no *Dog* nor *Bitch*.
That stands behind him at his breech;

But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*
With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,
How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is ;
How many *German Leagues* by th' scale
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tail*.
He made a *Planetary Gin*
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expence of *Cheese* or *Bacon* ;
With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat,
Quote Moles and Spots on any place
Of th' body by the *Index face* :
Detect lost *Maiden-heads*, by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or pissing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*,
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach*, and *Catarrh*.
Chase evil *Spirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle-Horshoe*, *Hollow-flint*,

Spit

Spit Fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel.
And fire a Mine in *China* here
With Sympathetick Gun-pond'r.
He knew what's ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What *Medicine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
Could make a Man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *Slates* are best to make
On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-stones* in running Race
Upon a *Boord* have swiftest pace.
Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
Lift of a dappled *Louse's* Back:
If *Systole* or *Dia stole* move
Quickest when he's in Wrath or Love:
When two of them do run a Race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own Length from Head to Rump;
Which *Socrates* and *Charephon*
In vain assay'd so long agon;

Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
 And not an Elephant's *Proboscis*;
 How many different *Species*
 Of Maggots bred in rotten *Cheese*;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engendred in a *Chandler's* nose
 Or those not seen but understood,
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*:
 A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd,
 Hight *Whackum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholsome *Lam*:
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
 To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
 Or cheat men of their Word some think;
 From this by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high Advancement rise:
 To be an under-*Conjuror*,
 Or Journey-man *Astrologer*:
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And Men with their own Keys unriddle.

To

To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *Discoveries* disperse,
Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers*;
What *Cut-purses* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' *Art* repute;
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* shops.
Of Thieves *ascendant* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by rules of *Art*.
Which way a Serving-man that's run
With Cloaths or Money away is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch* for half the worth
May be redeem'd, or stolen Plate
Restor'd at Conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*
In quality of *Poetafter* :

G 4

And

And *Rhimes* appropriate could make,
To ev'ry Month in th' *Almanack*,
When *Terms* begin and end, could tell,
With their *Returns* in *Doggerel*.

When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
And *Sowgelder* with safety cuts.

When Men may eat, and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.

When use and when abstain from vice,
• *Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.*

And as in *Prisons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the Service of the Great,

So *Wachum* beat his dirty brains

To advance his Master's Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,

Put into *Doggerel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,

Which over ev'ry Month's blank-page
In th' *Almanack* strange *Bills* presage.

He would an *Elegy* compose

On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;

In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on

His Mistress eating a Black-pudden;

And

And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It puffed him with *Poetick Rapture* ;
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts ;
A *Carman's* Horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to *Poetry* ;
No Porter's *Burthen* pass'd along,
But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Window, like a *Pill'ry*, appears,
With Heads thrust through nail'd by the Ears ;
All Trades run in as to the sight
Of Monsters, or their dear delight
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purse,
Breeds bus'ness for *Heroick Verse*,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' been the *Theme* of such a Song.
Those two together long had liv'd,
In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd ;
Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
The free detection of a Star ;

And

And night an *Ancient Obelisk*,
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fate*,
On which was written not in words
But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,
Many rare pithy *Saws* concerning
The worth of *Astrologick Learning*:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he fastened *Telescope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in smallest *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy* one night,
Did flie his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*.
The strangest long-winged *Hawk* that flies.
That like a *Bird of Paradise*,
Or *Herald's Martlet* has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lay *Eggs*;
His *Train* was six yards long milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lantern* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,

Bliss

Bless us, quoth he ! What dreadful wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder ?

A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,

Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd ?

I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scroll*

Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fiw*, and *Fowl*,

With which, like *Indian Plantations*,

The learned stock the *Constellations* :

Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have been,

To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.

It must be supernatural,

Unless it be that *Cannon-Ball*,

That shot, - in th' *Air* point-blank upright,

Was born to that prodigious height,

That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,

It ne'er came backwards down again ;

But in the *Airy Region* yet

Hangs like the *Body* of *Mahomet* :

For

For if it be above the Shade;
That by the *Earth's* round bulk is made.
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.

This said, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right,
Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping through, (*Bless* us quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I see ;
And if I err not by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,
It should be *Saturn* ; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there ?
He's got between the *Dragon's* Tail,
And farther leg behind of th' *Whale* ;
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
And can no less than the *World's* end,
Or *Nature's* Funeral portend.

With

With that he fell again to pry,
Through *Perspective* more wistfully,
When by mischance the fatal string
That kept the *Towring-Fowl* on wing
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it :
But *Sidrophel* more subtil-witted,
Cry'd out what horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a Star fall ;
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
Will not belong before it come.
When Stars do fall 'tis plain enough
The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And some of us find out by *Magick*.
Then since the time we have to live
In this world's shortned, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd score

In

In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in prospect of the *Mansion* :
Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
To try or use our Art are come :
The one's the Learned *Knight* ; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissiveness,
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness ;
He held the Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle :
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might say* :
He ask'd 'em whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither ;
Did you not lose ? --- Quoth *Ralpho*, nay ;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way.
Your *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, 'is a *Lover* :
And pains intol'able doth suffer,

For

For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time, ---Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung---
Quoth he, I meant what time of th' day 'tis;
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight tis.
Why then (quoth *Whacum*) my small *Art*
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Estate*—Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t'her;
Mean while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter ;
Which having done the *Wizard* steps in,
To give him suitable Reception ;
But kept his bus'ness at a *Bay*,
Till *Whacum* put him in the way ;
Who having now by *Ralpho's* light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight* ;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the *Conjurer's* ear,
Which he prevented thus : What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before

Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?

Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd;

In opposition with *Mars*,

And no benign friendly Stars

T' allay the effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!

In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No:

Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?

One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir, you'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use,

It is a *Scheme* and *face* of *Heaven*

As th' *Aspects* are dispos'd this *Even*,

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd, but now I've done.

Quoth *Hadibras*, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt

Your *Speculations* which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,

'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*

The Stars your coming did foretel;

I did

I did expect you here, and know
Before you speak your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Passion* without drawing *Bit* :
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't
I can't imagine ; for the *Stars*

I'm sure can tell no more than *Horse*,
Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres* ;
But if the *Devil's* of your Counsel
Much may be done. my noble *Denzel*;

H

And

114 CANTO III.

And 'tis on his Account I come
To know from you my fatal Doom : .

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the *Alarm*,
Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear* ;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules of Art*,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of *Astrology* :
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I despise him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye
I understand your *Metonymie* ;
Your words of second hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right *Conjuring* :

And

And in its self more warrantable
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere dismount,
And to their *Incantations* stoop,
They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fear weather,
Which ev'ry *Amanack* can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well,
As you your self—Then friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about :
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in,
And straight resolves all Questions by't;
And seldom fails to be i'th' right.
The *Rosy-crucian* ways's more sure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a feveral Gin,
To catch *Intelligences* in.

H 2

Some

Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'em,
 As *Dunstan* did the *Devil's Grandam* ;
 Others with *Characters* and *Words*
 Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*,
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks,
 With their own inf'ences will fetch 'em
 Down from their Orbs, arrest, and catch 'm;
 Make 'em depose, and answer to
 All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a *Devil's Bird*
 Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
 That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
 Of past and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
 The *Devil's Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,
 Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*
 He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
 I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
 That was his *Tutor*, and the *Cur*
 Read to th' Occult *Philosopher*,

And

And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other Sciences are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh ! Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman* ;
Nor was the Dog a *Catodamon*,
But a true Dog that would shew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er sticks ;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no *Devil* ;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go,
As for the *Rosie cross Philos'phers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'ers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Trismegistus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaster*,
And *Apollonius* their Master ;
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas ! what is't t' us :
Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,

If it be *nonsense*, *false*, or *mystick*,
 Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistick*?
 'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*;
 That makes *truth truth*, altho' *time's daughter*;
 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his *Sons*, just so
 He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a *Herald*
 Can make a Gentleman scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a Race
 Of ancient *Kings* in a small space;
 That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
 Of prudence to cry down an *Art*.
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why.
 (As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole *Art for Excentrick*,)
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not the *Tops of Mountains*,

Bat

But on their side, or rising's, seat ;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the *World's* affairs,
 Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Southsayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
 And some that have writ *Almanacks* ?
 The *Medean* Emp'rour dreamt his Daughter
 Had pift all *Asia* under water,
 And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *branches*
 O'er-spread his *Empire* with its branches ;
 And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
 As after by th' event he found it ?
 When *Caesar* in the Senate fell
 Did not the Sun eclips'd. foretel,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look pale for almost a year after ?
Augustus having b' oversight
 Put on his Left Shoe 'fore his Right,
 Had like to have been slain that day
 By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for pay.

Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,
 When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon *Trees*?
 The *Roman Senate*, when within
 The *City-walls* an *Owl* was seen,
 Did cause their *Clergy* with *Lustrations*,
 (Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
 The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert,
 From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt.
 And if an *Owl* have so much pow'r,
 Why should not *Planets* have much more,
 That in a *Region* far above
 Inferiour *Fowls* of the *Air* move,
 And should see farther, and fore-know
 More than *Augury* below?
 Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
 Of mighty *States* to govern by;
 And this is that we take in hand,
 By pow'ful *Art* to understand;
 Which how we have perform'd all *Ages*
 Can speak th' *Events* of our *presages*,
 Have

Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compass?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattel grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,
That I, without a *Telescope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye,
For *Anaxagoras* long ago
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*.
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot Iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*
Because the *Sun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant,
Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether in the *Moon* Men thus or thus
Do eat their *Postage*, cut their *Corns*,
Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?

What

What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France* ?
What can our *Travellers* bring home
That is not to be learnt at *Rome* ?
What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions* ?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence ?
What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,
That are not in our Native *Regions* ?
Are sweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-fans*,
Made better there than th' are in *France* ?
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*
On th' *Gitter* there a newer way ?
Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit
The *Publick humour*, with less *Wit* ;
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows* ?
Or does the *Man* i' the *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Periwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
Than our own Native *Lunaticks* ?

But

But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upwards chance to flie,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
So when your *Speculations* tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And favour strongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Fall Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
Resolve that with your *Jacob's-staff*;
Or why *Wolves* raise a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water,
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know something more remote.
At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,

He

He put his face into a posture
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster,
 For having three times shook his Head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Art has no mortal Enemies
 Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese* ;
 Those consecrated *Geese* in Orders,
 That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*,
 And being then upon *Patrol*
 With Noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
 Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
 That will not credit their own *Souls* ;
 Or any *Science* understand,
 Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand :
 But meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known,
 Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffe-*
Houses cry down all *Philosophy*,
 And will not know upon what ground
 In *Nature* we our *doctrine* found,
 Although with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,

As

As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglars by night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or Witches *simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets;
Or from the *Pill'ry* tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not during all their lives,
Most of 'em Pirates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old *Practices* some skill?

Is

Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *House* from *Earth* ?
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below,
Who made the *Balance*, or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram* ?
Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
Make *Berenice's Perruwig* :
Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear ?
Or who made *Cassiopeias's Chair* ?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The World can be
Govern'd without *Geometrie*,
(For Money b'ing the common Scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale ;
In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,
'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*) :
Then much Less can it be without
Divine *Astrology* made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.

There

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the *Learned* use
Upon this *Subject* to produce ;
And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.
The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *Setting*, and his *Rise* ;
Twice has he risen in the *West*,
As many times set in the *East* :
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up ;
And, were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :
As sage *Empedocles* of old,
And, from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* feat
Above the *Sun* himself in height,

The

The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred years and odd,
The *Sun* had left his ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home :
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame
To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd :
Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew less than the *Pope* of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd great States depend
Upon the tip of th' *Bear's* Tail's end ;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down ;
Which others say must needs be false
Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
Some say the *Zodiack-Constellations*
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above

Above a *Sign*, and prove the same
 In *Taurus* now, once in *Ram* ;
 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd ;
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,
 Then how can their *effects* still hold
 To be the same they were of old ?
 This, though the *Art* were true, would make
 Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake ;
 And is one cause they tell more lyes ;
 In *Figures*, and *Nativities*,
 Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years ;
 Beside their Nonsense in translating,
 For want of *Accidence* and *Latine* ;
 Like *Idus* and *Calende*, Englist
 The *Quarter-days* by skilful Linguist ;
 And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat* ;
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat :
 Make Fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in Being ;
 To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd,
 And count their *Chickens* e'er th' are hatch'd
I
Make

Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own accompt ;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some for *Brevity*,
 Have cast the 'versal World's *Nativity* ;
 And made the Infant-Stars confess.
 Like Fools or Children, what they please :
 Some calculate the hidden Fates
 Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats* ;
 Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*,
 Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law Suits*, and the *Pox* ;
 Some take a measure of the *Lives*
 Of *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Husbands*, *Wives* ;
 Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
 As if the *Planet's* first aspect
 The tender Infant did infect
 In *Soul* and *Body*, and infill
 All future good, and future ill :
 Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
 At destin'd Periods fall a working ;
 And

And break out like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases into deeds,
In Friendships, Enmities, and Strife,
And all th' emergencies of Life :
No sooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Marry'd his punctual dose of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*.
A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philosopher* and a *Block-head*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A *Learn'd Physician* and *Man-slayer*.
As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wis, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice* ;
I 2 And

And draw with the first Air they breath
Battel and *Murther*, *sudden Death*;

Are not these fine Commodities;
 To be imported from the Skies,
 And vended here among the Rabble;
 For staple Goods, and warrantable ;
 Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
 In th' other *World* to be restor'd?

Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
 You wrong the *Art*, and *Artists* too,
 Since Arguments are lost on those
 That do our *Principles* oppose ;
 I will (although I've don't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you
 What you perhaps forget, besel you,
 By way of *Horary* inspection,
 Which some account our worst erection
 With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
 With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters* ;
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
 Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth

Quoth he, This *Sheme* of th' Heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met
 At *Kingston* with a *May-pole Idol*, (well ;
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side
 And though you overcame the *Bear*,
 The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair* ;
 Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
 And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
 You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave ;
 That *Paltry story* is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such *Galls* as you.

Not true, Quoth he? how e'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whacum shall justifie't t' your face,
 And prove he was upon the place :
 He play'd the *Sakimbanchos*'s part,
 Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art* ;
 He stoel your *Cloak*, and pick'd your *Pocket*,
 Chews'd and Caldes'd ye like a *Block head*,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i'th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonstrative* ;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A *Constable* to seize the Wretches ;
For tho'th' are both false *Knaves*, and *Cheats* ;
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers* ;
• They're *guilty* by their own Confessions,
Of *Felony*, and at the *Sessions*
Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*,
Shall make all *Taylor's* yards of one
Unanimous Opinion :
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now I shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out ;
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, so long on the *State's* part.
To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,
By such a *Braggadoshio* Huffer.

Huffer,

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer
 To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister ;
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
 Lest he and *Whacum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
 Of *Hudibras* did now erect
 A *Figure* worse portending far,
 Than that of most malignant Star,
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment
 To shun the danger that might come on't,
 While *Hudibras* was all alone,
 And he and *Whacum*, Two to one ;
 This b'ing resolv'd, He spy'd by chance
 Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
 That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
 And Legs, and Loins, and shoulders bor'd ;
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
 To make his way through *Hudibras* ;
Whacum had got a Fire-Fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his Work ;

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard ;
 He put by *Sidrophelo's* thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht ;
 The Weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the Earth along.
Whachum his Sea-coal-Prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to flie ;
 But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
 As quick as lightning in the Breech,
 Just in the place were *Honour's* lodg'd,
 As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd ;
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts *Honour* than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
 You are my Prisoners ; base Vermine,
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know foretel ?
 By this what Cheats you are we find,
 That in your own Concerns are blind ;
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows :

But

But who his Honour would defile,
 To take, or sell, two lives so Vile?
 I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*
 The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
 Which with his Sword he reaps and plows;
 That mine the *Law of Arms* allows.

 This said in haste, in haste he fell
 To rummaging up *Sidrophel*,
 First, He expounded both his Pockets,
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A *Figure* for, and so detect;
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
 Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,
 And *Blank Schemes*, to discover *Nimmers*;
 A *Moon Dial*, with *Napier's Bones*,
 And several *Constellation-stones*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
 That over *Mortals* had strange powers,
 To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*;
 And stab or poyson to evade;

In

In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,

And be victorious in *Love*.

Whacum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,

His *Plunder* was not worth the while :

All which the *Conq'ror* did discompt,

To pay for curing of his *Rump*.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks

As *Rotá-men* of *Politicks*,

Streight cast about to over-reach

Th' unwary *Conq'ror* with a fetch,

And make him glad (at least) to quit

His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,

Before the *Secular Prince of Darkness*

Arriv'd to seize upon his *Carcass* :

And, as a *Fox* with hot pursuit

Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about

To save his credit, and among

Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung :

And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,

Escap'd (by counterfeiting *Death*)

Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*

Of *Atoms* jostling in his *Brain*,

As

As learn'd *Philosophers* give out :
So *Sidrophelo* cast about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himself in earnest slain :
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his Breast to smother,
A broken Sigh ; Quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or Dead ; Or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon ?
But now I thought my self in th' *Moon* ;
And that a *Monster*, with huge *Wiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whacum* by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
Look, there he is, I see him now
And feel the Place I am run through :
And there lies *Whacum* by my side,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh !

Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a Swoon,
Shut both his Eyes, and stopp'd his Breath,
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*,
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now no longer safe,
To tarry the return of *Ralph*,
But rather leave him in the *Lurch* ;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himself one firik,
To carry on the *Publick Work* ;
Despis'd our *Synod-men* like Dirt,
And made their *Discipline* his Sport ;
Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*,
And their *Conventions*, prov'd *High Places* ;
Disparag'd their *Tyth-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;
Rail'd at their *Covenant* and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parsons to my *Beard* ;

For all which *Scandals* to be quit
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury; if he dare :
He must (at least) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in *Palmistry*
Will quickly read his *Destiny* ;
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
Or take a turn for't at the *Session* :
Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;
For if he scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do,
And that will disengage my *Conscience*
Of th' *Obligation* in his own sense :
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honour* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
An *Conduct* he approach'd his *Steed*,
And with *Activity* unwont
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount ;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

A N

A N

Heroical EPISTLE

O F

HUDIBRAS

T O

SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus—

WELL, *Sidrophel*! tho' 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy Brain,
 Without Trepanning of your Scull
 As often as the *Moon's* at *Fall*;
 'Tis not amiss, e'er y' are given o'er,
 To try one desp'rate Med'cine more;
 For where your Case can be no worse,
 The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you, whose Ears,
 Are of the Tribe of *Iffacher's*,

And might (with equal Reason) either
 For Merit, or extent of Leather,
 With *William Pryn's*, before they were
 Retrench'd, and crucify'd, Compare,
 Should yet be deaf against a noise,
 So roaring as the Publick voice ?
 That speaks your Virtues freed and loud,
 And openly in ev'ry crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a Wheel-barrow, or Turnip Cart, —
 Or your New Nicknam'd old invention
 To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine ;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)
 And 'cause your Folly's now no news
 But over-grown and out of use,
 Perswade your self there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
 When Folly, as it grows in years
 The more extravagant appears :
 For who but you could be posselt
 With so much Ignorance, and Beast,

That

of Hudibras to Sidrophel 145

That neither all men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholsom Sence and Nurture,
But (like a Reprobate) what course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse ?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattel, do you good ?
Nor putting Pig's t' a Bitch to Nurse
To turn 'em in to Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast ?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs,
Your several new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees ?
Your Arts of *Flaxing* them for Claps,
And purging their infected Saps,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,

K

But

But still it must be lewdly bent

To tempt your own due Punishment;

And, like your whims'd Chariots, draw

The Boys to course you without Law;

As if the Art you have so long

Profest, of making old Dogs young,

In you, had, Virtue to renew

Not only Youth, but Childhood too.

Can you that understand all Books,

By judging only with your Looks,

Resolve all Problems with your Face

As others do with B's and A's,

Unriddle all that Mankind knows

With solid bending of your Brows,

All Arts and Sciences advance,

With screwing of your Countenance,

And with a penetrating Eye,

Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,

Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,

Than those that have been bred up in't,

And yet have no Art, true or false,

To help your own bad Naturals?

But

But

But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder,
 For Fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' *College*,
 A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,
 And brought in note, but spent Reputation,
 Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute
 To judge and censure, and controul;
 As if you were the sole Sir *Poll*,
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your Dividend comes to;
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With Ignorance, and Face alone.
 No though y' have purchas'd to your Name
 In History so great a Fame,
 That now your Talent's so well known,
 For having all Belief out-grown,
 That ev'ry strange *Prodigious Tale*
 Is measur'd by your *German Scale*,
 By which the *Virtuosi* try
 The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,

148 *An Heroical Epistle,*

Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the big'ft to your account.
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And leffer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas ! that Faculty destroys
Those soonest it designs to raife ;
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil ;
Though he that has but Impudence,
To all things has a fair Pretence,
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the World may lay his claim :
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publick Scorn ;
That all affronts do still give Place
To your impenetrable Face ;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass ;
For

of Hudibras to Sidrophel 149

For all Impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Mad men find, as soon
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon,
And proof against her Influence,
Relapse to e'er so little Sense
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

K 3

Anno:

Annotations TO THE SECOND PART.

But now t^e observe, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV. Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Country-man who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice,

King

*King Pyrrhus cur'd his Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick,*

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta sbut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made St. Francis do, &c.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and fortish way of describing them: so they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete.

The History of *Pasiphaë* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it, as appears by the

the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms that *Unanimalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pectorum. Lib. 2.*

As Friar Bacon's Noddle was.

The Tradition of *Friar Bacon* and the Brazen-Head is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or

Or like some Indian Skulls, so tough,
That Authors say th' are Musquet proof.

American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Skulls are so soft, to use their own words,
Ut Digito perforari possunt.

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Quernum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuisse narratur.*

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima.* Am. Mar. cel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of Bodies; who has this story of the German-Boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity

terity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

A Persian Emp'ror whip'd his Grandam.

*Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind.
In Corum, atque Eurum solitus seuire Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt. Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis.* p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises than Modern, who seldom, improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

That Bonum is an Animal.

Bonum is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi* from Don Quixot, will have Windmills under sail to be. The same Authors are of opinion That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

————— *In a Town*

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done,

Have

Have been exchange'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

— *Et sibi Consul,*
Neplaceat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juven.
Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.

Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra Prætorium poni quasi admonitio, & indicium future pugnæ. Lipsius in Tacit.
p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Pertinace*. Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

Vespasian being daub'd with Dirt.

C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam. Lato jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton. in Vespas.
Ca. 5.

Has

*Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the Devil sent,*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one Year, and among the rest the old Minister who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

*Did he not help the Dutch to purge
At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon.

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Appea

*Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun at Loudon's Belly.*

The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by Mer. Causabon, Isac. Fil. Prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those Passages; in which the style of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon in France and all her tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

*Meets with the Parliaments Committee
At Woodstock on a Pers'nal Treaty:*

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the King's House in Woodstock Park, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum took a Cavalier.

Withers has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

Since

Since old Hodg-Bacon;

Roger Bacon, commonly call'd *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the rabble accompted a *Conjurer*; and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grosthead* was Bishop of *Liptoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a *Conjurer*, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of *Christ*, which our Lawyers say is *illegal*, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to lie in a Foreign Court.

Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*

In vain assay'd so long ago.

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring the leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's;

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a late famous *Astrologer*, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

Unless

Unless it be that Cannon-Ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Foreign Virtuoso's, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude that it sticks in the mark; but *Des-Cartes* was of opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to Sedgwyck.

This *Sedgwyck* had many persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sedgwyck*.

Your Modern Indian Magician,

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by *Monfieur Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

Burn.

Bumbastus kept a Devil's Bird, &c.

Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil prisoner in the Pommel of his Sword; which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carry'd Poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that aspersiō, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness, for them both.

As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick:.

Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

The

The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.

Astyages King of Media had this Dream of his Daughter Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi, wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean Quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquer'd all Asia, and translated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians, Herodot. l. 2.

When Cæsar in the Senate fell.

*Fiunt aliquando prodigiōsi, & longiores Solis De-
fectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Anto-
niano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.*

Augustus having b^d Oversight, &c.

*Divus Augustus Levum sibi prodidit calceum
præpostere indutum, quo die seditione Militum
propè afflictus est. Idem. l. 2.*

The Roman Senate when within

The City Walls, an Owl was seen.

*Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Babonè v^o-
so orbem lustrabant.*

For Anaxagoras long agonè,

Saw Hills as well as you iⁿ th' Moon.

*Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum
esse, & Peloponneso majorem: Latam Habitaculā*

L

cula in se Habere, & Colles, & valles. Fertur dixisse Calum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Damnatuſ & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie Solem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

*Th' Egyptians ſay, the Sun haſt twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rife,*

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Solis ita ut Sol bis ortuſ ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

*Some hold theſe Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.*

Cauſa quare Calum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motuſ. Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cælo.

*Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.*

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G. Cunnin. in Coſmog. L. 1. p. 11.

The

The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apfida Terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolomai atate duodecim partibus, i. e. una & triginta terra semidiametris, Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

Cardan believ'd great great States depend, &c

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices seu Majoris urfa omne magnum Imperiam pendere. Idem. p. 325.

That th' old Chaldean Conjurers

In so many Hundred Thousand Tears,

Chaldaei jactant se quadringinta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

Druidae pecuniam mutuò accipiebant in Posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

That paltry story is untrue,

And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you,

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of *Whalum*)

chum) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens hands, as his Fellow *Whachum*, no doubt deserv'd ; in whose abominable Doggerel ; This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly describ'd.

*That the vibration of this Pendulum
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion.*

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in Nature) all the World over : For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum ; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time : So that if a Man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Satin* or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the
the

the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darknefs.

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darknefs, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiously.

F I N I S

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HUDIBRAS.

T H E

Third and Last PART.

Written by the A U T H O R

O F T H E

F I R S T and S E C O N D P A R T S.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Horne*, at the South Entrance
of the *Royal Exchange*, MDCCIV.

*Licensed and Entred according to the Act
of Parliament for Printing.*

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire to inform, the Knight to woo her:
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T'enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too:
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

A 2

Has

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble,
While those who fillily pursue
The Simple, Downright Way and True,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer against the stream their Passions.
Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars* :
And when the Ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to cross their *wooing* ;
When only by themselves they're hindred,
For trusting *those they made her Kindred* :
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle *Bride* ?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed ?
Leap'd headlong in't *Elyzium*,
Through th' Windows of a *daxling Room* ?
But

But for some crofs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind fo much in ufe ;
Who therefore took the wifer courfe,
To make the moft of his *Amours*,
Refolv'd to try all forts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No fooner was the Bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*.
As he was always wont to do.
When h' had Difcomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heraick Tilters*.
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For fuch a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Conftable*, or *Beadle* ;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostefs*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry *Juftice* ;
A 3 Who

Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded.
With red-hot Irons have past *bare handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
P th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
And thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter ;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o'er the *fierce Magician* ;
Describe the Manner of the Fray,
And shew the Spoils he brought away ;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight :
All which might probably succeed,
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.
Which

Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul to swear;
But, rather than produce his Back,
To set his Conscience on the Rack:
And in pursuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights,
And cut whole Gyants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitters;
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd so sore
They durst not wooe one *Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spanish Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*:

And he acquires the noblest Spouse
 That Widows greatest Herds of Cows.
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
 Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
 Of *Beadle, Constable, and Watchmen*,
 T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
 Committed falsly on his Lumber,
 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The Enemy, had done the Fact,
 Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
 Of *Gimcracks, Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,
 Which he by Hook or Crook had gather'd,
 And for his own Inventions feather'd:
 And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
 Unriddle one another's Thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither Halter-proof.
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be *accessary*:

But

But rather wisely flip his Fetters,
And leavethem for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside.
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Fury*.
The *Squire* concur'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out ;
His firm and stedfast Resolution,
To swear her to an *Execution* :
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.

In

In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Cousin-Germain Saint*.
But e'er the *Knight* could do his part,
The *Squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court ;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her ;
And now began t' approach the Door ;
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring *after Longeas*,
Of *humble* and *submissive Congees*,

And

And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye :
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so. The thing's done,
Or may I never see the Sun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your Gentle Hand :
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what
Before he spoke (he would) be at,
Pretended not to apprehend

The Mystery of what he mean'd :

And therefore with'd him to expound
His dark Expressions *less profound*,

Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove,

How much I've suffer'd for your Love,

Which

Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my ratter'd skin :
And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns your self, not me, to know.
But if you have I shall confess,
Y' are honefter than I could guess.
Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath ;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't ;
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think does give the best Security.

Quoth

CANTO I. 11

Quoth she, Some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture ;
Is free from Action and exempt
From Execution and Contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here :
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For most Men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together ;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.
For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every-where ;
When

When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Bars, and Executed ;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past :
For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and False ;
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Justice by :
Quoth she, What is it you would Swear ?
There's no believing till I hear :
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey,
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes ;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Castle is enchanted
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two :
Before

Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingering Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth :
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake :
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Play,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was : and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horror of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load :

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And Chast Contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop ;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on *Sidrophel* :
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear ;
When I as furiously prest on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run.

Laid

Laid hold on him : but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose,
Div'd under Water in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I fought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.
But bravely scorn'g to defile
My Sword with feeble Bloud and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiously laid on ;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich :
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Designs of Thievery or Love ;

B

With

With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
 All Feats of Witches counterfeit ;
 Kill Pigs and Geese with poud' red Glafs,
 And make it for Inchantments pass ;
 With Cow-ich meazle, like a Leper,
 And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper ;
 Make Leaches and their Punks with Dewtry
 Commit phantastical Advowtry ;
 Bewitch Hermetick Men to run
 Stark staring mad with *Manick* ;
 Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*
 Can raise 'em Moutains in *Potosi* ;
 And sillier than the Antick Fools,
 Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :
 Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
 To Quack of Universal Cures ;
 With Figures ground on Panes of Glafs,
 Make People on their Heads to pass :
 And mighty heaps of Coyn increase,
 Reflected from a single Piece :
 To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches
 Incline perpetually to Witches ;

And

And keep me in continual Fears,
 And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
 When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
 Which others for Cravats have worn
 About their Necks, and took a Turn:
 I pity'd the sad Punishment
 The *wretched Castiff* underwent,
 And held my Drubbing of his Bones
 Too great an Honour for *Paltrones*;
 For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
 From paltry and unequal Foes;
 Who when they Slash and cut to Pieces,
 Do all with civillest addresses:
 Their Horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Wits with many a Question:
Quoth he, For many Years he drove
 A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
 Employ'd 'in all th' Intrigues and Trust;
 Of feeble Speculative List;
B 2 Procurer

Procurer to th' Extravagancy
 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
 By those the Devil had forfook,
 As things below him, to provoke.
 But b'ing a Virtuosi, able
 To smatter, quack, and cant; and dabble,
 He held his Talent most Adroit
 For any Mystical Exploit;
 As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
 For one predicting Pinip has th' Odds
 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
 Bus as an Elf (the Devil's Valot)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his business best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a Person
 Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prentisships and longer
 I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
 For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost,
 As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes

Becomes a Punny-Impt self,
 And is another Witch's Elf,
 He after searching far and near,
 At length found one in *Lancashire*,
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
 And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats :
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
 Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
 Or *Pharaoh's* Wizard could their Switches;
 And all which whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
 Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this beastly Shape reduc'd.
 By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
 He crams in nasty Crevices,
 And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
 To make me relish for Deserts,
 And one by one with *Spams* and *Bear*
 Lick up the candi'd Provender;

Beside ——— But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,
 The Lady stopt his full Career,
 And told him, now 'twas time to hear :
 If half those things (*said she*) be true.
 (Th' are all (*quoth he*) I swear by you :)
 Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*
 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
 And Hackney of a *Lapland Hag*,
 In Quest of you came hither Post,
 Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;
 Who told me all you Swear and Say,
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd, that you came to him to know,
 If you should carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and his Imps.
 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
 T'ingage the Devil on your side,
 And steal (*like Proserpine*) your Bride.
 But he disdain'd to embrace
 So filthy a Design and base,

You

You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,
 And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
 And left him Dead upon the Ground,
 With many a Bruise and desperate Wound:
 Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,
 And stole his *Talismanique* Loufe,
 And all his New found Old Inventions;
 VVith flat Felonious Intentions;
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought 'em for and paid;
 His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*.
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect Minutes made,
 By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost;
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And all together might amount
 To many hundreds on Account:
 For which h' had got sufficient Warrant
 To seize the Malefactors Exant,
 Without

Without capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
 To serve for Pentikums to Watches;
 Which modern Virtuoso's say,
 Incline to hanging every way.
 Besides he swore, and swore it was true,
 That e'er he went in Quest of you,
 He set a Figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that to betray
 Your selves and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere here about.
 He vow'd h' had Intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since;
 And found, that e'er you came to him,
 Y' had been ingaging Life and Limb,
 About a Case of tender Conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own Sense;
 Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,
 Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
 And

And prov'd that you might swear, and own,
Whatever's by the Wicked done,
For which, most basely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his Eyes to white.
(As Men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do :
Held up his *Afflictive Hand*,
As if h' had been to be Arraign'd :
Cast tow'r'd the Door a ghastly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, If but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,

Or

Or but one single Circumstance
 In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
 May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
 This Vessel, that is all your own ;
 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.
 You have provided well, *quoth she*,
 (I thank you) for your self and me ;
 And shewn your Presbyterian Wits
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.
 A most compendious way and civil,
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
 And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize.
 That trick (*said she*) will not pass twice.
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
 But there's a better way of Clearing. *(Sing ;*
 What you would prove, ~~than down right~~
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,
 The Blows are visible as yet
 Enough

Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the Action.
 And if you can produce those Knobs,
 Although th'are but the Witches Drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your natural Self had don't.
 Provided that they pass th' Opinion
 Of able Juries of old Women,
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts
 For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam, (*quoth he*) your Love' a Million,
 To do, is less, than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my pow'r
 T' obey, what you command, and more.
 But for performing what I bid,
 I thank y' as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care
 To keep my Wounds from taking Air :
 For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,
 Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels
 Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels ;
 For

For still the longer we contend,
 We are but farther off the end.
 But granting now we should agree,
 What is it you expect from me?
 Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word
 You past in Heaven on Record,
 Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
 Are everlastingly enroll'd.
 And if 'tis counted Treason, here
 To raze Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n,
 Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
 And that's the reason, as some guess,
 There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
 Two things that naturally press
 Too narrowly, to be a case.
 Their bus'ness there is only Love,
 Which Marriage is not like, s' improve.
 Love, that's too generous, t' abide
 To be against its Nature ty'd;
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
 And

And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the Freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away :
And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail ;
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd :
A Bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade,
(For what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But something past away, and fold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low :

And

And at the best is but a Mart
 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the Marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid,
 And all the rest of bett'r or worse
 Both are but Losers out of Purse.
 For when upon their ungot Heirs
 Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
 Or Wager laid at six and sey'n;
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their Childrens Tenants e'er th' are born?
 Beg one another Idiot
 To Guardians, e'er they are begot;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' Implicit Generation,
 And General Club of all the Nation:
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the Island, with four Seas;
 Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
 In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
 And

And make him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling ;
While all he does upon the Fly,
She is not bound to Justifie,
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent ;
To give the Cheats the eldest hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th Land ;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd,
A Law that most unjustly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Nokes*,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age or Quality ;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past for better or worse ;

Will

Will not allow the Privileges
 That Beggars challenge under Hedges, (cs
 Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Her-
 Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces ;
 While nothing else but *Raws* in Re
 Can set the proudest Wretches free ;
 A Slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring :
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;
 So Men are by themselves betray'd,
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their Necks into a Nooze.
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some, whom Death would not depart,
 Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
 Like *Indian-Widows*, gone to Bed
 In flaming Curtains to the Dead :
 And Men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuse
 For all the Stratagems they use,

To

To gain th' Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.
For, as the Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one :
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch ;
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire ;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when h's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery ;
And off the loud Oaths, go but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.

C

Hence

Hence tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty't Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare Marry,
But rather trust on tick t' Amours,
The Cross and Pile for bett'r or Worse:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and fashionable,
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still am'rous, and fond, and billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,

Th'

Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches;
More petulant Extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances;
Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames :
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine ;
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques :
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride,
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind;
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove :
But all the Mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out,
For though *Chineses* go to Bed,
And lie In in their Ladies stead,
And for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more :

Our *Green*-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap ;
Both lay the Child to one another :
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the *French* Goods.
But Health and Sicknes b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship only when th' are found :
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares :
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Completions,
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
As artificial as their Faces ;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants ;

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentileſſes ;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' eaſie owner.
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;
Finds all his Having and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding.
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong,
When only arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into *Rams* and *Goats*,
Like *Sirens* with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a *Screech Owl's* Serenade,
Or thoſe enchanting Murmurs made

By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These Reasons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think,
Man was not Man in *Paradise*,
Until he was Created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
T' amend his natural Defects, *
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up-Paps appears,
His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female side
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,

Both
Bride

Both joyn'd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those heaven'ly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World surprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
Twould fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears ;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul design'd.
But those that serve the Body alone,
Are single, and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And close at th' Equinoctial, fit ;

And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter :
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that she uses,
In all the Wonders she produces.
And those that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children, and a Wife ;
That lie like Hostages, at stake,
To pay for all Men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born, and breath, to Marry ;
So Universal, all Mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion ;
Unless among the *Amazons*,
Or vestal *Friars*, and Cloister'd *Nuns*,
Or

Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Preposterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
'Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths :
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Scettlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth,
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
And what security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes ?
What

What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?
For all th' Amour of Princes are
But Guarranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Bloud and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Conteſts for Rorage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage!
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Leſs for the Interests of the Bride;
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unſubſin'd,
And Reme Covers to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The vertuous Matron, and the Miſs;

The

The Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* Train,
The same with those in *Lewkner's* Lane ;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradise on Earth ;
A Privilege so Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield ;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouse ;
The Reason is, Because the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life ;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of :
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.

Unless

Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace,
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when th' are at their Race's Ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant Friends;
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease:
So all those false Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.

Nor

Nor are their loudest Glamours more,
Than as th' are relish'd, Sweet or Sour :
Like Musick, that proves bad, or good
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns :
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?
For Discords make the sweetest Aires,
And Curfes are a kind of Prayers :
Too flight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Register'd above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.

And

And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has ;
And like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover ?

I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few
Who take that course and find it true :
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away ?

To

To change the property of selves
As sucking Children are by Elves ?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames:
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods—but spoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seisin
That puts a Lover in possession)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
To that their Faith is still made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours:
Our Money's now become the Miss,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd,
Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,

Until

Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been for new Amours.
For what did ever Heirefs yet
By being born to Lordships get ?
When the more Lady sh' is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepaners,
Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And, for her own destruction, Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Dev'l does Witches ;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bauds :
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away. :
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,

Th'

Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
 To Portions and Inheritances,
 Your Love-sick Raptures for fruition
 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition ;
 To which you make Address and Courtship,
 And with your Bodies strive to Worship,
 That th' Infants Fortunes may pertake
 Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
 For these, you play at Purposes,
 And love your Loves with *A's* and *B's* :
 For these, at *Beast* and *L' hombre* woe,
 And play for Love and Money too ;
 Strive who shall be the ablest Man
 At right Gallanting of a Fan,
 And who the most genteelly bred
 At sucking of a Vizard Bead ;
 How best t' accost us in all Quarters
 T' our question-and-command New Garters,
 And solidy discourse upon
 All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*.
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
 But in the Art of Love is made.

D

And

And when you have more Debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,
And no way possible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd, past Amours ;
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long since
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins ;
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord ! what an Am'rous thing is Want !
How Debts and Mortgages inchant !
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Execution save !
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent !
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias* ;
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge !
These

These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences.
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t'an Hostess Dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale ;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Grace's in t' your Pocket.

By this time t'was grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in hast with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,

D 2

Turn'd

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout ;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em ;
But in a Fury to fly at 'em ;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Right
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,
To guard this Pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail :
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperat'ft Attacks.

At

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At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknute* ;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to fally.
But she besought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door.
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before ;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way.
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute :
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;

D 3

And

And all he encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd* :
Inconc'd himself as formidable
As could be, underneath a Table ;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout ;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanci'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
And after entering *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences.

Which

Which Vulgars out of ignorance
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:
But those that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortrefs.
And as another of the same
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the same Cause had engag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By ven'tring only but to thrust
His Head a Span beyond his Post,
B'a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*,
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears;
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the Other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd scorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
For when a *Man is past his Sense*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Nose*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Ir'ns* proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and Punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.

For

For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away ?
To spirit her to Matrimony —— ?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That madem' apply t' your Croney Witches;
That in return would pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience :
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then ? Speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
How wouldst th' have us'd her and her Mony ?
First, turn'd her up to Alimony ;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put of purpose, in the Deed ;
And bar her Widow's Making-over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
What

What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' imploy their Sorceries about ?
That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us ?
I see you take me for an Ass :
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof ;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do.
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lyes
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise ?
That is no more than Authors give,
The Rabble credit to believe ;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do, or say ;

Which

Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the Danger of Offence,
The Fatal Enemy of Sence.
Why didst thou curse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in ? —
Because it is the thriving'ft Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in ;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd,
For no Degrees, unless th' imploy'd,
Can ever gain much or enjoy't.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out.
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hand should slip, and come too near.
For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
And

And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being Poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your New Reformation :
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let them out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in :
That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell ;
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Mystery ;

And

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us?— A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness?— Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience?— 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemical'ft Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? — To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience?— A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A *Good Old Cause*? — Adminiftrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear? --
About Two hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? — Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? — Food and Cloaths.

What

What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? --
 B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
 What makes a Church a Den of Thieves? --
 A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
 And what would serve, if those were gone,
 To make it Orthodox? ----- Our own.
 What makes Morality a Crime,
 The most notorious of the Time?
 Morality, which both the Saints
 And Wicked too cry out against? —
 'Cause Grace and Vertue are within
 Prohibited Degrees of Kin :
 And therefore no true Saint allows
 They shall be suffer'd to espouse.
 For Saints can need no Conscience,
 That with Morality dispence ;
 As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
 In Nature onl', and not imputed,
 But why the Wicked should do so,
 We neither know or care to do.
 What's Liberty of Conscience,
 I th' Natural and Genuine Sence? ---

'Tis

'Tis to restore with more Security,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.
For a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with *None*.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
(Though he gave's Name to our *Old Nick*)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With Stinks of Brimstone, and his own,
The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.

When

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor :
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch !*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch ?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade ?
By fauntring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling Knobs
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worse on't yet,
As well in Conquest as Defeat.

Night

Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight who heard the Words explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of those h' had seen and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
When after a short Pause and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)

E

Cont.

Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more Heroick-minded ;
 And at a Riding handled worse,
 With Treats more slovenly and course ;
 Engag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers ;
 And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thy self away.
 (I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
 Would fain steal me too from my self,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for, and done :).
 And now but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with Vengeance the same way.
 Thought he, How does the Devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
 His *Office of Intelligence*,
 His *Oracles* are ceas'd long since,
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,
 But what some treach'rous Spy. acquaints.
 This is some Pettifogging Friend,
 Some Under-Door-keeper's Fiend's Fiend,
 That

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand ;
And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't :
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art ?*
A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right ;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some Paltry, Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shooes :
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.

E 2

This

This is your business, good *Pug Robin*,
 And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing* ;
 T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
 And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud,
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (*quoth the Voice*) y' are no such Sophy
 As you would have the World judge of ye,
 If you design to weigh our Talents
 I'th' Standard of your own false Ballance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us Ghosts, as well as we'do you :
 We, who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
 And never left you in Contest,
 With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
 But prov'd as true to y' and intire
 In all Adventures as your Squire,
Quoth he, That may be said as true
 By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew :

For

For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those Allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a Token
 To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,
 To whose Infernal Shores I hope
 He'll swing, like Skippers, in a Rope.
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as True,
 What th' Ill affected say of you,
 Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause-
 By holding up your Cloven Paws.
 Sir, *quoth the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
 We made and took the Covenant.
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
 Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
 And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
 Held up their Hands, like Rogues, at Bars.
 I see, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
 These Scandals of the Saints commence,
 E 3 That

That are but natural Effects
Of *Satan's* Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out oth' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, *quoth the Voite*, that may as true
And properly be said of you ;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake :
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour ;
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance ;
Is ty'd up only to Design,
T' intice, and tempt, and undermine ;

In which you all his Arts out-do,
 And prove your selves his Betters too.
 Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
 Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
 Because, unless you help the Elf,
 He can do little of himself:
 And therefore where he's best Possess'd,
 Acts most against his Interest;
 Surprizes none but those wh' have Priests
 To turn him out, and Exorcists,
 Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
 And Magazines of Ammunition,
 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
 The Tools of Working out Salvation
 By meer Mechanick Operation,
 With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
 To overflow all Avenues.
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprize,
Altho' his falsest Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudg,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailours of their Goles
And Dungeous, where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your *Mittimus Anathema's*;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o'er
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees;
Unless to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls, as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal *Uslegation*
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought
The 31

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof,
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse
Has pas'd between your Friend and ours ;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of your own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap headlong many a Story ;
Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good :
And if it were but in our Power,
We shou'd not Scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right

Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful in Return,
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in Safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about
To find th' Incharmed *Hero* out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
Received from hard-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Gresbam* Carts, with Legs for wheels;
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

No

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge:
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E'er he retriev'd the Champions Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale instead of Rack,
But ne're a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night to steal away ;
But

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright,
And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,
He found the Saddle too was stray'd,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haft,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spur'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders*, to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

The

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Prays,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:
Till in th' Effigie of RUMPS, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Insect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermine did at first proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,

Of

Of Petulant Capricious Sects;
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts;
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way :
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devils Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,
Could when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd;
But only by the Ears engag'd :
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.
Rebelling

Rebelling now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack ;
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
And *Providence* to b' out of Season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's.
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd ;
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*.
For *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their *Apostolick Functions*
On *Carnal Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias* ;
At *Michael's* Term had many a Trial,
Worse than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where

Where thousands fell in shape of Bees,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.
For when, like Brethren and like Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And every Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,
In which the Ablest Saint and Best
Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,
To pay their Money; and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother pass the Deed;
He strait converted all his Gifts,
To Pious Frauds and Holy Shifts,
And settled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*,
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no Title to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.

This

This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanwick* ;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old ;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all un sanctifi'd Trustees :
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow,
Or Both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyters* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd and Chows'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To Strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlightned Men,

F

As

As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the *Cavalier* ;
 Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
 As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
 The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
 To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
 With Knowledg, and does still invite
 The World to Mischief with *New Light*,
 Had store of Money in her Purse,
 When he took her for *bett'r or worse* ;
 But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independants* (whose first station
 Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,)
 A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
 That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
 And in the Saddle of one Steed
 The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,
 Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
 To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray* and *Murder*)
 No

No sooner got the Start to lurch
Both Disciples, of *War* and *Church*;
And Providence enough to ruin
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War;
And be at Liberty once more,
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
Wh' had compass'd all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the Spoils of all th' had ranfact,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,

F a

They

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demolish*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest ;
And Herded only in Consults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim :
So those who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.

This

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,
 (Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the Right they had paid down
 So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*)
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their Foes divided.
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the Fate of War run down ;
 Their Duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game ;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their *Adversaries* and the Devil,
 Began once more to shew them Play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They rallied in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes,
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 T' appoint *New-rising Rendezvouses,*

And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd :
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started.
And, as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish our Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destruction
T' a new and numerous Production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,
That, like the Christian Faith increast
The more, the more they were suppress't :
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
Nor all the desperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From ven'tring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
Gainst all together, for the Crown ;

But

But kept the Title of their Cause
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws :
And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation,
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loyl'ty in Possession ;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign* ;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry* :
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the End o' th' *Hall* ;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to translate.
So *Romulus* was seen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator* ;

From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent* :
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant* :
And then sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from the *Egyptian Awe*.
Of Justice, Government and Law,
And free t' prect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the Ruins
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church's Top*,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since ;

And

And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures :
For when they came to shape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fudging than th' Unsanctifi'd ;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove Hand to Fist against another,
And still the maddest and most crackt,
Were found the Busiest to Transact,
For though most Hands dispatch apace,
And *make light work*, (the Proverb says)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs,
Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King *Jesus* : Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert* ;
Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,
For *Agitators* and the *Safety* ;

Some

Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That swore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance,
Yea though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody *Nimrods* :
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise ;
And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage* :
Some for the cutting down of *Groves* :
And rectifying Bakers Loaves ;
And some for finding out Expedients
Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As Men most fit t' hold forth the Word
And weild *the one, and th' other Sword*.

Some

Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :
Some for engaging to suppress
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward* ;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridegroom*
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb* ;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
That uses break up ground and Dig ;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-Marriage still.
Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation ;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint ;
And

And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns,*
The *Holy Title* to renounce.

Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls,*
And bringing down the Price of Coals.

Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Bloud in ;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches :

While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now and then*

The *Flesh of Kings* and *mighty Men ;*

And Some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones ;*

For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells

For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never hear'd of,
But made the wicked sore afraid of.

The Quacks of Government (who sat
At th' unregarded *Helm of State,*

And understood this wild Confusion,
Of fatal Madness and Delusion,

Must, sooner than a Prodigie,
Portend Destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd

Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law ;
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worfe than all th' had 'scap'd in War ;
And therefore met in Consultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation ;
Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take ;
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise than fumbling Arteries ;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover — *Gain*.
'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon* ;
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy ;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink :
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.

H

H' had seen three Governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one,
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall ;
 For by *Trappaning* th' old to Ruine,
 He made his Int'rest with the new one ;
 Plaid true and faithful, though against
 His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
 For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
 Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,
 By giving aim from side to side.
 He never fail'd to save his Tide,
 But got the start of ev'ry State,
 And at a Change ne'er came too late ;
 Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
 As many ways as in a Lath ;
 By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
 In't highest Trust, and out for New,
 For when h' had happily incurr'd,
 Instead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
 And past upon the Government,
 He play'd his trick, and out he went :

But

But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he understand
The desprate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; he spoil'd his Game,
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at *Fast and Loose*;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground:
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.

For

For as Old *Sinners* have all Points
O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints ;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own, the Age of Moons ;
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel pain
Some days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat* ;
And hither came t' observe and smook
What courses other Riskers took :
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To Match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Habberdasher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs ;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel :

For

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouse
 The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
 He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
 But try'd another, and went farther,
 So fullenly addicted still
 To's only Principle, *his Will*,
 That whatsoe'r it chanc'd to prove
 No force of Argument could move,
 Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
 Could render half a grain less stubborn;
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
 And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle :
 In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
 That right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust ;
 But still his Tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
 And with its Everlasting Clack
 Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to pickere,

G

And

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controversie* :
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak :
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'ft Assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of Sence,
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated :
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Contest.
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
T' espouse the Cause for *bett'r* or *worse*,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worship'd it :

But

But when he found the fullen *Trapes*;
Possess'd with th' *Devil, Worms, and Claps*;
The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Greeks*
Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman,
As loose and rampant as *Dol Common*;
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her *Freaks* appear'd, to sit the closer.
For *Fools are stubborn in their way*;
As *Coins are hardened by th' Alloy*;
And *Obstinacy's* ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong *Belief*.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in *Consultation* set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Orator we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of *State*,
Than with his own *impatience*,
To give himself first *Audience*;

After he had a while look'd wife,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt

Our last Out-goings brought about,
More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead :
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns ;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others ;
But, in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before ;
And now would prove, that Words and Oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis

'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mungrel Church,
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't :
 And 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient, ---- (I mean, *Margret's* Fast)
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd ?
 Else why should Tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame,
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
 Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With Drums and Rattles like a Child ;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us.
 For all our scouring of Religion
 Began with Tumults and Sedition ;
 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
 Became strong Motives to Devotion ;

G 3

(As

(As carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts and reform ;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee ;
When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chase to Rochets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted Disaffected,
And close Malignant are detected ;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.

And

And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit like Block-heads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongue at large,
To get the Wretches a Discharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'er the blow, become meer Dolts ;
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to stay
Nor wit enough to run away,
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand, or fall (at least) together :
No mean nor trivial solaces
To Partners in extream distress,
Who use to lessen their Dispair's,
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit ;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our last and best Defence, Despair ;
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest streights,
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
By b'ing courageously out-brav'd,
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poisons by themselves expell'd,
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, Men ;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against our selves with Fate :
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over,
This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.

For

For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or St. *Ignatius* at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State ;
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The *Scripture* says) than Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'ft flints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question.
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells ;
And bid themselves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jerusalem*.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,

Who

Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones and sanctifi'd expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on those that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes :
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And Teach, the House of Commons way ?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our *Calamies* and *Cases* ?
Without whose sprinkling and Sowing,
Who had e'er heard of *Nye* or *Owen* ?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our *Adoniram* *Bisfield*.
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are,
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate :
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter ;
Abates

Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints
As naturally grow Miscreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew than sense.
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well :
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which

Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers still, like other Goats,
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;
Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences ;
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones :
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Gibellins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the war is now between
The Brethren and the Men of sin ;
But Saint and Saint, to Spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood ;

Where

Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Of Zealous suffering for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause :
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones ?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and mighty Men ?
When Friends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves ?
When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
And *Ball-Poor* Friends with *Dagon*,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both ?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold ?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No Notice of the Danger take ?

But

But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes
Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while ?
At least until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings out ;
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denyals,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine ;

Took

Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously out of our Hands ;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as Ministerial,
Like younger Sons of Father *Belial*.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still as we had begun :
But true and Faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Vessels, like a New
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, b'ing true.

But

But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men
Our inward Men and constant Frame,
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne're had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy :
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*;
And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church Communion;
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of Repentance :
But

But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down ;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about ;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King :
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought ;

H

And

And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The World is nat'rally averse
To all the Truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,
With Greediness and Gluttony,
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong : . .
As Women long, when th' are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
But seldom any thing that's wholsom ;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernols
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More desp'rate than their first Accesses ;

If

If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before ;
And we more ready and expert ;
I th' Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt War to create, than make :
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange, to carry't on ;
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own :
And if we did ſuch Feats at firſt,
What can we now w'are better vers'd ;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themſelves, allow'd ?
And therefore likeliſt to bring in
On faireſt Terms our Discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by Providence :
When Three Saints Ears, our Predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's Primitive Confefſors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many Yeats of Blood :

H 2

That

That multipli'd by Six, express'd
The perfect number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen :
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation :
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but We alone ?
What Churches have such able Pastors ?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters ?
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purses and Opinions ?
And trusted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses ;
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands :
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are ;)

From

From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions;
And share them from Blue Ribbands down,
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches.
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as Fat as Mother *Nab*,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side :
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant :
I mean our Covenants to purchase,
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our selves, for Current Land,
And Rise or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions,
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New Out-goings give occasion :
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' assert :

H 3

And

And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' Expedient,
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for members, to our Ends,
 That represent no part o' th' Nation,
 But *Fisber's-Folly* Congregation :
 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
 And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit :
 Can order matters under-hand,
 To put all Bui'ness to a stand :
 Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the Nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament ;
 Cut out more Work than can be done
 On *Plato's* Year ; but finish none,
 Unless it be the Bulls of *Lenthal*,
 That always pass for Fundamental,

Can

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges ;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope :
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce, our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t' act their Parts.
Know what a Leading Voice is worth ;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth :
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of *I*, or *No* ;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost ;
Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.

These are the Courses that we took
 To carry things, by Hook or Crook :
 And practis'd down from Forty four,
 Until they turn'd us out of Door ;
 Besides the Herds of *Boutejeux*,
 We set on work, without the House.
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen.
 Kept Legislative Journey-men,
 To bring them in Intelligence
 From all Points of the Rabbles Sense ;
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
 With Politick Important Buzzes :
 Set up Committes of Cabals,
 To pack Designs without the Walls.
 Examine, and draw up all News,
 And fit it to our present Use.
 Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
 And every one his Part rehearse.
 Make Q's of Answers to way lay
 What th' other Party's like to say :
 What Repartees, and smart Reflections
 Shall be return'd to all Objections :

And

**And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions :
And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men like Burglary, commit :
Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,
That, all its Owner does, betrays :
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations,
In spite of Laws and Proclamations ;
For Chiarlatans can do no good,;
Until th' are mounted in a Crowd :
And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't ;
As long as Confessors are sure
Of double Pay for all th' endure :**

And

And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
 Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
 In Powd'ring-Tubs their richest Trade :
 And while they kept their Shops in Prison,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen,
 Disdain to own the least Regret
 For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;
 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title to do so again :
 That needs not cost one drop of Sense,
 But pertinacious Impudence :
 Our Constancy t' our Principles,
 In time will wear out all things else :
 Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
 With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kisses :
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths
 Have swell'd, and sunk like other Froths.
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
 Before from World to World they swung :
 As they had turn'd from side to side ;
 And as the Changlings liv'd, they di'd.

This

This said ; th' impatient States-Monger
 Could now contain himself no longer ;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks ?
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
 And Annotations of Grimaces,
 After h' had ministred a Dose
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus*, to his Nose ;
 And powder'd th' inside of his Skull,
 Instead of th' outward JobbernoL,
 He shook it with a scornful Look
 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :
 In Dressing a Calf's Head altho'
 The Tongue and Brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange, if ever they come near :
 For, who did ever play his Gambols,
 With such insufferable Rambles ?
 To make the bringing in the King,
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?
 Which none could do, but those who swore
 T'as Point blank Nonsense heretofore :
That

That to Defend was to invade,
And to Assassinate, to Aid:
Unless because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly, to all your Uses.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Salve,
Or Vertue in them as the Vermine,
Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation ;
B' us'd so unconscionable hard,
As not to find a just Reward.

For

For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :
And setting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' Scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State :
And not b' allow'd the fittest Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Especially that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;
Who, when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at Second Hand,
As we have been to share the Guilt
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt :
For so our Ignorance was flam'd,
To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at *Back-Gammon* ;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet :

(For

(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the self same Score :)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul Play :
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernols,
From pearching upon lofty Poles :
And rescued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators :
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude :
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To fits of Conscience and Remorse :
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again :
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies !
And

And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and False,
To charge us with the Consequences
Of all your Native Insolences ;
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels :
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent :
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts :
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to sow upon :
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use :
As *Mahomet* (your Chief began
To mix them in the *Alchoran* :
Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion :
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans :
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :

Fill'd

Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predestination*,
 And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination* :
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
 As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd
 For being to Malignants marri'd,
 Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
 Whose Husbands are not for the Cause :
 And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel;
 Because they came not out to Battel :
 Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
 For fear of b'ing transform'd to *Meroz* ;
 And rather forfeit their Indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
 And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*
 Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
 T' obey and follow your Commands :
 And settle on a New Free-hold,
 As *Marck-Hill* had done of Old,
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The Gospel into Spoons and Plate :

Expound

Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th' intricatest Places :
Could Catechise a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;
Until the Cause became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias*, the wicked *Mammon*.

And yet, in spite of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms ;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out :
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;
Who, tho' but gifted at your Feet,
Have made it plain they have more Wit,
By whom y' have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command :
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd ;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate :

I

And

And spirited out of th' Enjoyments,
 Of precious, edifying Employments ;
 By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
 Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
 All which you bore, with Resolution,
 Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution ;
 And though, most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your Wills, still acquiesc'd :
 And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision.
 That is, because you never durst ;
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas ! you were no longer able
 To raise your *Posse* of the Rabble :
 One single Red-Coat Sentinel
 Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell ;
 And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
 Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse :
 We know too well those tricks of yours
 To leave it ever in your Powers :
 Or trust our Safeties, or Undings,
 To your Disposing of Out-goings ;

Or

Or to your Ord'ring Providence,
One farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had your Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man ;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means.
And therefore wondrouslike, no doubt,
To bring in Kings; or keep them out :
Brave Undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in pow'r,
T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

Tis true, you have (for It'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both ;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of Sense,
And sanctify'd Impertinence ;
Your carrying Bus'ness in a buddle ;
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model ;

Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you; Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
'T' your Great *Crofsado*, General
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,
That sprung the Game you were to fet,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your Spight to see the Church's Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under-Churches in the Town;
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independents fpreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you:
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
The Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own-rash Politicks.

And

And this way you may claim a Share,
 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;
 Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the *Jews*,
 From *Pharo*, and his Brick-kilns loose:
 And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery:
 Were likelier to do the Feat,
 In any indifferent Man's Conceit;
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Churches Lands
 Were sequestred int' other Hands:
 For, only then, and not before,
 Your Eyes were opened to restore.
 And when the Work was carrying on,
 Who crost it, but your selves alone?
 As, by a World of Hints, appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
 But first o'th' first; The Isle of *Wight*
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;
 Where *Henderson*, and th' other Masses,
 Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases:

To pass for deep and Learned Scholars ;
 Although but Paltry *Ob* and *Sellers* ;
 As if th' unreasonable Fools
 Had been a Courting in the Schools ;
 Until th' had prov'd the Devil's Author
 O' th' Cov'nant ; and the Cause, his *Daughter* ;
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
 Of all the Blood that had been spilt ;
 They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion
 In Person, like Sir *Pride*, or *Hughson* ;
 But only those who first begun
 The Quarrel, were by him set on.
 And who could those be but the Saints,
 Those Reformation Termagants ?
 But 'ere this past, the wise Debate
 Spent so much Time, it grew too late ;
 For *Oliver* had gotten Ground,
 T' inclose 'em with his Warriors, round :
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.
 Nor had the *Uxbridge* Bus'ness less
 Of Nonfence in't, or Sottishness ;
 When

When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
 The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
 Your mighty Senators took Law,
 At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
 And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant Cronies,
 Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies:
 Who had so often, in your Aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid;
 Came in at last for better Ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
 You basely left them, and the Church,
 They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
 And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true *Philistines*.
 This shews what Utensils y' have been,
 To bring the King's Concernments in:
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into Trust,
 Will find you most exactly just:

Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide,
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who Change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd as in Out-of fashion'd Cloaths;
And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes;
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd, like stoln Delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.

And

And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' have but Sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Cernal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.

I grant, All Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, *How?*
'Tis true! w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before;
Money,

Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
 Is the last Reason of all things:
 And therefore need not doubt our Play,
 Has all Advantages that way:
 As long as Men have Faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well;
 Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
 One Church and State will not suffice
 T' expose to Sale; beside the Wages
 Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.
 Nor is our Money less our own,
 Than 'twas before we laid it down:
 For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
 If we are bought in Play upon't;
 Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,
 What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
 We know the Arts we us'd before,
 In Peace and War, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate Events,
 Can mend our next Experiments:
 For, when w' are taken into Trust,
 How easie are the wisest chous'd?

Who

Who see but th' Outfides of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs and Weights :
 And while th' are busie, at their Ease,
 Can carry what Designs we please :
 How easie is't to serve for Agents,
 To prosecute our own Engagements ?
 To keep the *Good Old Cause* on foot,
 And prevent Pow'r from taking Root ?
 Inflame them both with false Alarms,
 Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms ;
 To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
 From healing up of Side to Side,
 Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
 For both their Interests, by Turns.
 The only Way t' improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none ;
 (As Bowls run true by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together :
 And therefore have no other Means,
 To stand upon our own Defence.
 But

But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty ;
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t'Espouse ;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themselves Converse.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind :
Take all Religions in and fiddle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle ;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary :

And

And stand for, as the Times will bear it,
 All Contradictions of the Spirit :
 Protect their Emiffaries, impow'r'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word :
 And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
 Release the Lab'rets for the Cause ;
 And turn the Persecution back,
 On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
 From breaking, or maintaining Law ;
 And when they have their Fits too soon,
 Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
 Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Season,
 For sowing Faction in, and Treason ;
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
 Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
 That when the Blessed Time shall come,
 Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own *Fifth-Monarchy*, once more ;
 Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
 Against Revolts of Providence ;

By

By watching narrowly, and shapping
 All blind Sides of it, as they happen :
 For, if Success could make us Saints,
 Our Ruine turn'd us Miscreants :
 A Scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,
 Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :
 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
 Before we have secur'd our Necks.
 But do your Work, as out of Sight,
 As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :
 All Licence of the People own,
 In Opposition to the Crown.
 And for the Crown as fiercely fight,
 The Head and Body to divide.
 The End of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind :
 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
 On all Emergencies that happen ;
 For 'tis as easie to supplant
 Authority, as Men in Want :

As

As some of us, in Trusts, have made
 The one Hand with the other trade;
 Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour:
 The Right a Thief, the Left, Receiver;
 And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as fly, retail'd.
 For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 T' improve the Factory of Sects:
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians*;
 Whence turning of Religion's made
 The Means to turn and wind a Trade.
 And tho' some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a Course;
 And draw in store of Customers,
 To thrive the better in Commerce:
 For all Religions flock together,
 Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
 To nab the Itches of their Sects:
 As Jades do one another's Necks.
 Hence 'tis Hypocrisy, as well,
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:

As

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As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow :
For things in order are put out
So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bear th'event ?
For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert :
Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle :
But in Affairs of less import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-sawn as much, and Out-comply :
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.

But still be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own :
The

The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State :
Express the horrid'st Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.
Tell Stories, scandalous and false,
I' th' proper Language of Cabals :
Where all a subtil States-man says
Is half in Words, and half in Face :
(As *Spantiards* talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under solemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose,
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,
For th' easie credulous to disperse.

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all agast,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath* ;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

K

That

That beastly Rabble,— that came down
From all the Garrets—in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards—in vast Swarms,
With new chalk'd Bills,—and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of Door;
Are now drawn up,—in greater Shoals,
To Roast—and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are Carbonading on—the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgessees—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geese
That serve for Characters—and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive;
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already sacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're Grylly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:

Some,

Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigie, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags to personate
Respective Officers of State ;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Lifted under *Dun*;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen ;
(For, since the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's lifted in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way ;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em :

K 2

And,

And, to the largest Bonfire riding,
Th' have roasted *Cook* already, and *Pride-m*.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellów Members wait ;
And March in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgiving th' us'd to do :
Each in a tatter'd *Talismane*,
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast ;
Set up by Popish Engineers ;
As by the Crackers plainly appears ;
For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition ;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores ;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines ;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels :
Now

Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State Mysteries;
Though some suppose, 'twas but a shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the Few:
Who, 'cause th' are wasted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.

For, as the *Egyptians* us'd, by Bees;
T'express their Antick *Ptolomies*;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;

K 3

And

And when th'are once impar'd in that.
 Are banish'd their Well order'd State :
 They thought, all Governments were best,
 By Hieroglyphick Rumps exprest,

For as in Bodies Natural,
 The Rump's the Fundament of all ;
 So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
 The Government is call'd the Helm :
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,
 Th'are turn'd and winded by the Tail,
 The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
 Their Courses with, through Sea and Air;
 To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
 The same thing with the Stern and Compass,
 This shews, how perfectly the Rump
 And Commonwealth in Nature jump.

For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
 Rests with his Tail above his Head ;
 So in this Mungril State of ours,
 The Rabble are the Supreme Powers,
 That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us
 A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,
I' th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th' other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th'are all expir'd,
And th'House, as well as Members, fir'd,
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t'ungoverning Distress,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness;

Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration :
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.
We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns keep multitudes in Awe :
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall :
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge,
And others who, by restless scraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine ;
Have

Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
 Would gladly lay down all at last :
 And to be but done, Entail
 Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;
 And bless the Devil to let them Farms
 Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, a near and louder Shout
 Put all th' Assembly to the Rout :
 Who now Begun t' out-run their Fear,
 As Horses do, from those that bear :
 But crouded on, with so much haste,
 Until th' had block'd the Passage fast ;
 And Barridaco'd it with Haunches
 Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches :
 That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a Crippl'd piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
 Than have them Grill'd on the Embers :
 Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
 Of one another, on their Backs :
 The Van-Guard could no longer bear
 The Charges of the Forlorn Rere ;

But

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But born down headlong by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid Cookery of the Rabble :
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly ;
And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO

The ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Enchanted Bow'r by Night :
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize :
But first Resolves to try by Letter,
And once more fair Address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

WHo would believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears?
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed ;
And have no possible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination :
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats :
Make

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.

For Fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,
Sets up Communities of Senses,

To chop and change Intelligences;

As *Rosi-crusian Vertuoso's*,

Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses* :

And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both, supply'd by Fear;

That makes 'em in the Dark see *Visions*,

And hag themselves with *Apparitions* :

And when their Eyes discover least,

Discern the subt'lest Objects best.

Do things not contrary alone

To th' Course of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Bravest daunt,

And turn Poltroons as valiant;

For Men as resolute appear

With too much, as too little Fear.

And when th' are out of hopes of flying,

Will run away from Death by dying :

Or

Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled; like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, sent
From *Marshal-Legion's Regiment*;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but Himself, and Fear,
Was both the *Imps and Conjuror*:
As by the Rules o' th' *Vertuosi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poise*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blindman's-Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear of *Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed.

Disa-

Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side :
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horse*;
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he posted e're so fast ;
His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :
For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t' appear,
And shift t'*another Scene* his Fear ;
He found his new *Officious Shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's shape* ;
So like in *Person, Garb and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t'interpret *which was which*,
For

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.
And while he gave himself Diversion,
T'accommodate his *Beast and Person* ;
And put his *Beard* into a Posture,
At best Advantage to accost her :
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforesaid* :
But when the Ceremony was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone* ;
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd :
The wretch'd Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself ;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man :
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's stead,

And

And act the *Saint's* and *Devils* Part,
With undistinguishable Art:
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out;
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th' Mire;
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you,
And, though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (*quoth the Kt.*) and stranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth

Quoth he, Th' Infernal Conjuror
Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did,
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries ought of fight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?
Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, *Jezabel*;
That laugh'd and teh-hed with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?
A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it;

L

In

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In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail-upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The

CANTO III. 161

The Knight, who now began to find
Th'had left the Enemy behind;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day:
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And gives the desperat'ft Attack
To danger still behind its Back.
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T'examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toft like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

L 2

Quoth

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardice
 That made me from this Leaguer rise ;
 And when I had half reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base,
 Was better cover'd by thy New
 Arriv'd Detachment than I knew :
 To flight my new Acquests, and run
 Victoriously, from Battels won.
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost.
 To make me put my self to flight ;
 And Conqu'ring, run away by Night,
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,
 To pos' in Que'po to their Rage,
 Without my Arms and Equipage ;
 Whilst they ventur'd to pursue,
 Left, to th' unequal Fight renew ;
 I might have reserv'd thy Outward Man,
 And, to preserve my place, and led the Van.
 Assum'd my

All this, quoth *Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve my self, but you.
You who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs.
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
Than managing a Wooden Horse:
Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Yet had not reason to complain:
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To Blame the Hand that paid your Ransom;
And rescued your obnoxious Bones.
From unavaoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we diabl'd and unhors'd:
Disarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but hasty Flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
But were our Bones in fit Condition

To re-inforce the Expedition,

L 3

'Tis

166 CANTO III.

Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazzetes ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.
To settle the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells :
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For those who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race ;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Sights.

Re-

Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign
 With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy* and *Champagne*.
 Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
 With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ,
 And made them stoutly overcome,
 With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum,
 Whom th' uncontrol'd Degrees of Fate
 To Victory necessitate.

With, which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return :
 Or else their Sultan-Populaces
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand
 What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land ;
 And who those were that run way,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day :
 Although the Rabble souc'd them for't,
 O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
 'Tis true our Modern way of War
 Is grown more politick by far,
 But not so resolute and bold,
 Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.

For,

For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
 Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
 Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
 The whole Design of th' Expedition,
 And not with downright Blows to rout
 The Enemy, but eat them out:
 As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,
 And Eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give Defiance to their Teeth,
 And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
 And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
 That bring the other's Stomach down.
 There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
 All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine;
 And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
 Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
 But have no need, nor use of Courage,
 Unless it be for Glory, or Forage:
 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rear:

And

And forc'd with terrible Resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance,
 T' pick out Ground t' incamp upon,
 Where store of largest Rivers run,
 That serve instead of Peaceful Barriers
 To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only encounter at Bo-peep:
 For Men are found the stouter hearted,
 The certainer th' are to be parted ;
 And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
 As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
 And made their mortal Enemy,
 The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
 But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving:
 But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
 The formidablest Man of Prowess.
 So, th' Emperor *Caligula*,
 That triumph'd o'er the *British* Sea ;
Took

Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buffles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all War by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this Out of fashion'd course;
To hope by stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to subdue her,
Though some have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As those, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride—
 By Courting of her Back and Side.
 But since those times and feats are over,
 They are not for a Modern Lover :
 When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
 By such addressees to be gain'd,
 And if they were, would have it out,
 With many other kind of Bout.
 Therefore I hold no Course 's infesible
 As is of force to win the Jezebel,
 To storm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
 Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms ;
 But rather strive by Law to win her,
 And try the Title you have in her,
 Your case is clear, you have her Word,
 And me to witness the Accord ;
 Besides two more of her Retinue,
 To testifie what pass'd between you ;
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold :
 For which so many that renounc'd
 Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And

And Bills upon Record been found ;
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that, unless I miss the Matter,
Is all the Business you look after ;
Besides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than those in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion :
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old,
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And wing'd Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead :
So all the Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen ;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right ;

For

For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woe;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as safe, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride,
And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like best, int' your Hands.

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th' ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than e'er the *Grecians* did and *Trojans*,
They never manage the Contest;
T' impair their publick Interest;
Or by their Controversies lessen
The dignity of their Profession:

Not

Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,
And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
As th' Outward Man is to the Inward ;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more sober sense:
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their best Advantages,
Of other's quarrels, like the Swifs :
And out of Foreign Controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their Purfes ;
But have no int'rest in the Cause,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws :
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they lose or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in al. Ages,
With Sundry learned Clerks, and Sages ;
Though all their be dispute,
With which they canvas every Suit ;
Th' have no Disputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert :

While

While all Professions else are found,
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound :
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians;
 Philosophers, Mathematicians;
 The Gallenist, and Paracelsan.
 Condemn the way each other deal in.
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle;
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;
 And Heralds fickle, who got who,
 So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation.
 T' expose their Trade to Disputation;
 Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
 Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges:
 In which whoever wins the day,
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.
 Beside, no Mountebank, nor Cheats
 Dare undertake to do their Feats;
 When in all other Sciences,
 They swarm, like Insects and Increase.

M

For

For what Bigot durst even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?

For those that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their fingers, if th' are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,
To edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,
But in appearance cry'd 'em down,
To make them better seem his own,
All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*,
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,

And

And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution as his own.

Quoth he ; This Gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is of all others the unwiſeſt ;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but the Expence;
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My ſuit and Title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did ;
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake ?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh Chouſe,
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning Men,
To help him to his Goods agen :
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.

M 2

And

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main Force,
Is now in vain ; by fair Means, worse :
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But it is bad t' attempt, or worse :
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still ;
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known :
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
Betimes enough for his Intent ;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' Advantage of the Business gains :

For

For Courts of Justice understand
 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand:
 Who, what he pleases, may aver,
 The other, nothing till he swear:
 Is freely admitted to all Grace,
 And Lawful Favour by his Place:
 And for his bringing Custom in,
 Has all Advantages to win.
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky Opportunity,
 Will go to Counsel to advise
 Which way t' encounter, or surprize,
 And after long Consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' Occasion;
 Most apt, for what I have to do,
 As Counsellor, and Justice too.
 And truly so, no doubt, he was,
 A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

And *Old dull Sor*; wh' had told the Clock,
 For many years at *Bridewell-dock*.
 At *Westminster*, and *Hick's Hall*,
 And *Hiccius-Docktius* play'd in all;

Where in all *Governments and Times*,
H' had been both *Friend and Foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Justice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave *Privilege*,
And whip'd, for want of *Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bauds to Prison sent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a trusty *Pimp and Crony*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the *Constable* to feize
All those that would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes *Commoners, or Lords*:
And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,
For being *sober at all hours*,
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made *Monsters fine* and *Puppet plays*,
For leave to Practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats and went a share,
With th' *Headborough, and Scavenger*,
And

And made the Dirt 'ith Streets Compound,
For taking up the publick Ground :
The Kennel, and the King's High way,
For being unmolested, Pay.

Let-out *the Stocks, and Whipping Post,*
And Cage, to those that gave him most ;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears,*
And for *False Weights* on *Chandelers.*
Made *Victuallers* and *Vintners Fine.*
For Arbitrary *Ale,* and *Wine.*

But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend :

As *Residentiary Bawds,*
And *Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods ;*

That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries,*
And pay *Church-Duties,* and *his Fees ;*

But was implacable, and awker'd,
To all that *Interlop'd and Hawker'd.*

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Council in his *Law-Affairs ;*

And found him mounted, in his *Pew,*
With *Books,* and *Money plac'd,* for *Shew,*

Like *Nest-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
 And for his false Opinion pay :
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put of his Hat, to put his Case :
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 As th' other courteously strain'd,
 And to assure him, 'twas not that.
 He look'd for ; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,
 Whom I have cudgel'd—*Very well*.
 And now he brags I have beaten me.
Better and better still, quoth he.
 And vows to stick me to the Wall
 Where e'er he meets me—*Best of all*.
 'Tis true the Knave has taken's Oath,
 That I robb'd him — *Well done in Troth*,
 When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took ;
 Which was the Cause that made me bang him,
 And take my Goods again—*marry hang him*
 Now whether I should, before hand
 Swear he robb'd me? — *I understand*.

Or

Or bring my *Action of Conversion*;
 And *Trover* for my Goods? --- *Ah, Whorson*;
 Or if 'tis better to indite,
 And bring him to his Trial? --- *Right*.
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' State against him? --- *True*.
 Or whether he that is Defendant
 In this Case has the better End on't;
 Who putting in a New Cross-Bill,
 May traverse th' Action --- *Better still*.
 Then there's a Lady too. --- *I marry*,
 That's easily prov'd accessory,
 A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all --- *Good Lord!*
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel*,
 To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell*.
 Who put m' into a horrid fear,
 Fear of my Life, --- *Make that appear*.
 Made an assault, with Fiends and Men,
 Upon my body. --- *Good agen*.

And

And kept me in a deadly fright
 And false Imprisonment all Night,
 Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,
 And stole my Saddle, — *worse and worse;*
 And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
 You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
 As heart can wish, and need not shame,
 The proudest Man alive to claim.
 For if th' had us'd you, as you say;
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
 I would it were my Case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
 I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
 I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;
 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
 As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.
 And if I durst, I would advance
 As much, in Ready Maintenance;

As

As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands,
Our taking Business off Mens hands;
'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them till there is not Leather,
To stick a Pin in, lest of either
For which, some do the Summer-fault
And o're the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But may you swear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat ———)
For Justice though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd;
Like Charity, else right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out so long,

And

And like blind Fortune, with a slight,
 Conveys Men Interest, and Right,
 From *Stile's* Pocket, into *Nape's*,
 As easily as *Hocus Pocus*.
 Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
 And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius*.
 Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your Wife;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters Pass,
 The Business to the Law's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon.
 And you can want no Witnesses,
 To swear to any thing you please.
 That hardly get their meer Expences
 By th' Labour of their Consciences,
 Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
 To Affidavit-Customers:
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for for Jury-men, or Tallies,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
 Of Trustees, and Administrators,

For,

For that; *Quoth he*, let me alone;
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
That's well! *Quoth he*, But I should Guess,
By weighing of Advantages;
Your surest way is first to Pitch
On *Bongey*, for a Water-witch:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjuror,
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Int'rim; Spare' for no Trepan,
To draw her Neck, into the Bands;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait, 'em well; for Quirks, and Quillets
With Trains t' inveigle and surprize,
Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:
And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artiss understand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.

'Till

'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of her heatt, she has endow'd ye:

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,

That ply the Temples, under Trees.

Or walk the Round, with Knights or 'h Post

About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their Hosts

Or wait for Customers, between

The Pillar-Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*,

Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,

And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail

T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,

According to their Ears, and Cloaths.

Their only Necessary Tools,

Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.

And when y^e are furnish'd with all Purveys,

I shall be ready at your Service,

I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,

A straw to understand a Case,

Without the admirable skill

To Wind, and manage it at Will:

To Vere, and Tack, and fear a Cause,

Against the Weather-gage of Laws;

And

And Ring the Changes upon Cases,
As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee:
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To Bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

An

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,
 Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*:
 And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
 As ever took degree in War,
 Or did his *Exertise in Battel*,
 By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattle*:
 For since I am deny'd access
 To all my Earthly Happiness,
 Am fallen from the *Paradise*
 Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
 Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent
 To Everlasting Banishment
 Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own,
 Yet if you were not so severe
 To pass your doom, before you hear,

Who

Hudibras to his Lady. 191

You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence:
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:
Who always are observ'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*,
To save in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those, wh' are nicest of their Honour.
The other for *base Gain, and Pay*,
Forswear, and Perjure, by the Day;
And make th' exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

N

It

It is no *Scandal*, or *Aspersion*,
Upon a *Great and Noble Person*,
To say, he *Nat'rally* abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd Trick, to keep his Word ;
Though 'tis perfidiousness, and shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to *the Great* :
Than *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wondrous Wise.
But though the *Law* on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears* ;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, and *punish th' Innocent*,
To make the Ears, repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue* ;
And when *one Member* is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of *Law* recover mine.
You're like, if you consider right,
To Gain but little Honour by't.

For

Hudibras to his Lady. 193

For he that for his Lady's sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake;
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
'This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But Sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sense*, the Words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th'engage.
And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,
Are found *void, and for none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little;
For as best temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest Oaths are still more tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking-proof*.
N 2 Then

194 *An Heroical Epistle of*

Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?

For as the Law of Arm approves
All ways to conquests, so *should Loves* ;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest, that prevails,
For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love* ;
Submit it's great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?

Shall love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the subject of a Case?

The Fundamental Law of Nature,
Be over-rul'd! by those made after?
Commit the censure of *its Cause*

To any, but it's own *Great Laws* ?
Love, that's the World's preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive?

Controls the *Mighty Pow'r of Fate*,
And gives Mankind a longer Date.

The Life of Nature, that restores,
And fast as *Time and Death* devours,

To

Hudibras to his Lady. 195

To whose Free-Gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heaven too :

For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Interest of State in Heaven*,

Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.

For what can Earth produce, but *Love*,
To represent the *Joy above*?

Or who, but Lovers, can converse,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse?

Address and complement by Vision,
Make Love, and Court by Intuition?

And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers?

Then how can any thing offend
In order to so *great an End*?

Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own Supply was meant?

That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for th' Offences sake.

Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' injury of *Laws*,

What Tyranny can disapprove
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no *Passion* of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Gem*,
Togrant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant fault,
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success;
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design;
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love Power*;
And

And after *letting Blood and Purging*,
 Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging* ;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
 And claw'd, by *Goblins*, in the Night ;
 Insulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
 With rude Invasion of his Beard ;
 And when your Sex was foully scand'p'd.
 As foully by the Rabble handled ;
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
 And after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his Guard ;
 When Horses being *spur'd* and *prick'd*,
 Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd* ;
 Or why should you, whose *Mother-Wits*
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
 That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
 And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie* in ;
 B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
 Our *CullySex*, and we use none ?
 We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
 Against your Stratagems t' oppose ?

Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down,
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more; the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
The *borrow'd Flags of White and Red*.
Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the *Pitts*:
And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers* less subtil Books.
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towers, and Curls, and Perriwigs*,
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Phillip Nye's Thanks-giving-beard*,
Prepost'rously t' intice, and gain,
Those t' adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie, and Yours,*
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the Blame that can be due
Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confess,
Against my Will and Interest,

More

200 *An Heroical Epistle of*

More than is daily done of course
By all Men, when they're under Force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' *Hang-man* and their *Prompters* please.
But are no sooner out of Pain
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of *Lyars*, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure went :
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Loyer,
That had a *Lady to recover*,
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours ?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To

Hudibras to his Lady. 201

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the pains t' *address* and *sue*,
Nor plaid the Masquerde to wooe.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Priest*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
Nor Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death* them parts:
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very *Bride's Good Will*.
But took a wife and shorter Course,
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men;

With

202 *An Heroical Epistle of*

With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues :
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of *Love*, and *Flames*, at leisure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deserves for ev'ry *Minute*, more
Than *half a Year* of Love before :
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won :
And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh,
For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.——It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though

Though by the indirectest way ;
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, for *bett'r or worse* ;
And gratefully to submit to those
Who you, before another, chose :
For why should ev'ry Savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest* ?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has ?
Because the Laws he since has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Woman,
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest Clause, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly understood
Their Privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives,
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.

For

204 *An Heroical Epistle of*

For which Sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are in Slavery,
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;
And disobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault,
But, I forget my self and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim at you;
Who have so Sov'rein a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours; *my Soul*:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too,
Both with an equal Pow'r possess,
To render all that serve you blest:

But

Hudibras to his Lady. 205

But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release
For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,
And expiate upon my Skin.
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love,
The *Knight*, pursuing *this Epistle*,
Believ'd h' he'd brought her to *his Whistle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applause t' himself, twice over,
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at as fit,
And humble distance, to *his Wit* :
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart :
Then seal'd it with his *Coat of Love*
A *smoking Faggot*——and above

Upon

206 *An Heroical Epistle &c.*

Upon a Scroll — *I burn, and weep,*
And near it — *For her Ladyship;*
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

The

The Lady's ANSWER to the KNIGHT.

That you're a *Beast* and turn'd to *Grass*,
 Is no strange News, nor ever was ;
 At least, to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the Pound *Replevin* you.
 When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
 In Combat, by an *Amazon* ;
 That *Sword*, that did (like Fate) determine
 Th' inevitable Death of *Vermine* ;
 And never dealt its furious Blows,
 But cut the Threads of *Pigs* and *Cows* ;
 By *Trilla* was, in *single Fight*,
 Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*.
 Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,
 And in the Stocks, close Prisoners ;
 Where still th' had lain in base Restraint,
 If I, in pity of your Complaint,
 Had

208 *The Lady's Answer*

Had not on Hon'able Conditions,
Relcast 'em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y' had safely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneaking by submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as you due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Course.
Who have no Title nor pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conscience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.

These

These are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of Gallanting,
Between Soliciting and Ranting;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but Lawful Prize
In War, between two Enemies;
Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The *Mystry* of this Bold Demand:
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not those paultry Counterfeit
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amr'ous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false *St. Martin's Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay for Reds;

And make us wear like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fuel to your scorching Flames,
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
The *Perrivig*: you make us wear:
But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their fly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle by *their Tones*,
Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargones*,
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds.
What Rapture's fond, and Amorous
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House.
What *Extasie* and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Money*, in my *Name*.

What

What from th' unnatural Desire
To *Breast*, and Cattle, take its Fire.
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *Thousand Pound a Year*,
And Languishing Transports are fond
Of *State*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond*.
These are th' Attracts which most Men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' Address with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;
And yet, for all their yearning Pain,
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To *have*, and *t' hold*, and to *enjoy*;
That all your *Oaths*, and *Labour lost*,
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of Mankind study y't as an Art,
For Love should, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' Owner of the Land;

212 *The Lady's Answer*

And where there's Substance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of *Aiery Vertue, Wit and Graces* :
Which is of such thin Subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again *as nice a way*.

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From solid *Gold, and precious Stones* ;
Must, like its shining Parents prove
As *Solid, and as Glorious Love*.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our *Charms and Graces*, but by these:
For, what are *Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
But *Rubies, Pearls and Dimonds*,
With which a *Philter Love Commands* ?

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Childrens Love ;
That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead*,

Cast

Cast *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in *Wedlock* all they have.
And when the *Settlement's* in force,
Take all the rest, for *Better, or Worse*;
For *Money* has a *Power* above
The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:
Whose *Arrows*, *Learned Poets* hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold*.
And though some say, the *Parents* claims
To make *Love* in their *Children's Names*;
Who many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse, the Husbaad, and the Brige*.
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames*;
And *wooe, and contract in their Names*,
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em:
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in *Matrimony*;
But *sell and prostitute* for *Money*.
'Tis better than their own *Betrothing*,
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own *Dispose*,
With greater *disadvantage chuse*.

214 *The Lady's Answer*

All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.
No more than *Setters can betray*,
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow* :
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo* ?
Such as, before-hand, *swear and lye*,
For *Earnest* to their Treachery :
And rather than a Crime confess,
With *greater* strive to make it *less* :
Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence past,
Maintain their Innocence to th' last.
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as *Witnesses* can *swear* ;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye,
Nor are the Vertues, you confess'd
T' your *Ghostly Father*, as you guess'd;

So

So flight, as to be justifi'd,
By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides of a Case;
Or Credit were not to be lost,
B' a *Brave Knight-Errant of the Post*,
That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,
And *swears his Ears thr' a two Inch Board* :
Can own the same thing, and disown ;
And *perjure* Booty, *Pro and Con* :
Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn ;
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiss'd*,
To be *betray'd, and sold, like Christ*.

These are the Verrues, in whose Name,
A Right to all the World you claim :
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace and Nature* o'er all Women.
Of whom, no less will fatisfie
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To

216 *The Lady's Answer*

To govern such a num'rous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the flight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of your own making;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ingorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To copy *Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.

For,

For, by the practice of those Arts,
 We gain a greater share of Hearts;
 And those deserve in reason most,
 That greatest Pains and Study cost;
 For great Perfections are like Heaven,
 Too rich a Present to be given.
 Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
 To be perform'd without *hard Duty*.
 Which, when th' are nobly done, and well,
 The simple Natural excell.
 How far and sweet *the planted Rose*,
 Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges, grows?
 For without Art, the Noblest Seeds
 Of Flowers degenerate to Weeds:
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis Ground,
 And Polish'd, looks a Diamond?
 Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care,
 The whole World, without *Art and Dress*,
 Would be but one great *Wilderness*;
 And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has conferr'd.

This

218 *The Lady's Answer*

This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.
Though Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for the magen :
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but for *Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How soon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
Then where's your liberty of *Choice*,
And our unnatural *No* voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you boast,
And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,
Is now our right; to whose *Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making *Laws*,
We could, in spite of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow*, *Formal*, *Politicks*,
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (*in shew*) give way.

Hence

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our Int'rests own;
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In *ord'ring* you, and your *Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers:
And does not make no noise and stir,
Like every common *Mariner*:
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*.
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the mighty *Prefter John*,
Whose Person none dares look upon;
But is preserv'd in *Close Disguise*
From being made *cheap* to vulgar Eyes.

W

W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men :
And in the Right of our Pope Joan,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or Joan the *Putel's* braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim.
Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was able,
To serve *France* for a *Grand Constable*.

We make and execute *all Laws*;
Can judge the *Judges*, and the *Cause*.
Prescribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*.
'Gainst which the *World* has no *Defence*,
But our more *powerful Eloquence*.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the *World's Affairs of States*
Are *Ministers of War and Peace*,
That sway all *Nations* how they please.
We rule all *Churches*, and their *Flocks*,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O' th' *Spirit*, in all *Covenicles*.

By

By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Desay'd*.
 For nothing can go off so well,
 Nor bears that *Price*, *as what we sell*.
 We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
 And make Men do what we thing fitting;
 Are Magistrates in all Great *Towns*;
 Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns*.
 We make the *Man of War* strike *Sail*,
 And to our braver *Conduct* *vail*.
 And, when h' has chas'd his *Enemies*,
 Submit to us upon his *Knees*.
 Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely rais'd; or *Magistrate*,
 That's *Haughty and Imperious*?
 He's but a *Journey-man* to Us.
 That as he gives us cause to do't,
 Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your *Guardians*, that *increase*,
 Or *Waste* your *Fortunes* how we please:
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 In all your *Matters*, *Ill or Well*.

'Tis

'Tis We that can dispose alone,
 Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*.
 To whose Integrity you must,
 In spite of all your Caution, trust.
 And 'less you *fly beyond the Seas*,
 Can fit you with what Heirs we please:
 And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
 By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.
 Nor can the rigorousst Course
 Prevail, unless to make us worse.
 Who, still the harder we are us'd,
 Are further off from b'ing reduc'd.
 And scorn t'abate for any Ills,
 The least *Punctilio of our Wills*.
 Force does but whet our Wits t' apply
 Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
 Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat,
 For when y' have try'd all sorts of *Ways*,
 What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
 While all the Favours we afford
 Are but to girt you with the Sword.

*To fight our Battels in our steads,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads :
Encounter in despight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appease.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts ;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are preposterous,
To square the Circle of the Arts ;
And run stark mad to shew' your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Cause.
Be our Sollisitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements,
And these are all the Mighty Powers,
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.*

P

And

224 *The Lady's Answer, &c.*

And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride:
Belive we have as little Wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your Example, lose that Right
In Treaties, which we gain'd in Fight:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salique Law*;
Or, as some Nations use, give place;
And truckle to your *Mighty Race*:
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better *Women*.

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